

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

Venturing Into Wildness

East Clear Creek slices northeastward above the Mogollon Rim, forming a deep channel through rough country that challenges visitors.

FOCUS ON NATURE Ant Slaves

In the Chiricahua Mountains, a researcher studies one ant genus that survives by running a slave operation.

Quest for Mushrooms

The Arizona Mushroom Club sponsors mountain forays to collect wild fungi that rate as gourmet treasures or toxic blunders.

ADVENTURE

Dodging Lightning on Vishnu Temple

A resolute climbing group undertakes a dizzying expedition to the summit of one of Grand Canyon's remarkable natural wonders.

PORTFOLIO More Heavenly Than Hellish

Photographs belie the name of rugged and remote Devils Canyon in central Arizona, although getting there proves a daunting challenge.

[THIS PAGE] Sunrise reveals a delicate mist rising above the still waters of Blue Ridge Reservoir on the Mogollon Rim. [FRONT COVER] Blue Ridge Reservoir, one of the Rim Country's larger lakes, provides fishing and recreational opportunities, plus a summertime haven for heat-stressed desert-dwellers. See story, page 6. BOTH BY NICK BEREZENKO [BACK COVER] Morning light filters through the leaves of an Arizona sycamore tree deep in Devils Canyon. See story, page 14.



BASCOM AND COCHISE In 1861, when the Chiricahua Apache chief Cochise and U.S. Army Lt. George N. Bascom met near Apache Pass in southeastern Arizona to negotiate the return of a captive boy, a series of bloody encounters ensued. PAGE 25

MICKEY FREE Captured by Apache warriors in southern Arizona as a 12-year-old boy, Mickey Free was raised by Indians, became a rough-but-respected U.S. Army scout and went on to legendary actions in 19th-century Arizona Territory. PAGE 28

TWIN MURDERS AT TUTTLE'S STATION A vicious 1910 murder of two deer hunters by two ornery Army deserters led to a manhunt across eastern Arizona and the eventual capture of the killers. PAGE 30

INEPT BANDITS HAVE A BLAST In 1895, a couple of wannabe robbers tried on two occasions—just a week apart—to hijack a Southern Pacific train near Willcox and take its loot, leaving empty-handed both times.

POKING FUN AT ARIZONA TERRITORY Newspaper writers around the country in the late 1800s and early 1900s couldn't resist fictionalizing "news" stories about wild escapades in Arizona Territory. PAGE 33

THE TWO WORLDS OF CESARIO LUCERO On the Arizona-Mexico border of the 1880s, Cesario Lucero was a cunning, relentless lawman whose work spanned two nations and two cultures. His exploits were often violent encounters, and his luck finally ran out. PAGE 34

BUCKEY O'NEILL Admired by ladies and respected by fellow citizens, Yavapai County Sheriff Buckey O'Neill had barely taken office in 1889 when a sensational train robbery occurred near Canyon Diablo. The desperados were eventually imprisoned, but O'Neill and one robber shared an unusual fate. PAGE 36

GERONIMO'S CATTLE The Apache leader Geronimo, while guiding a band of his people and a herd of cattle from Mexico to the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona in 1883, was met at the border by a U.S. Army officer sent to be an escort. Federal lawmen wanted to arrest Geronimo, but the Indians slipped away silently in the night with their cattle. PAGE 39

ON-TRIAL RUSTLER 'ALTERS' EVIDENCE Cattle rustler Rufus Nephew, also known as Climax Jim, was on trial in the 1890s when the check he had forged was presented as evidence. But the clever tobacco-chewing scoundrel found a tasteful way to win his case. PAGE 40



GENE PERRET'S WIT STOP

As soon as his aching back gets better, our 'cowboy' author intends to take up rodeo bull riding.

- 57 HUMOR
- 2 LETTERS AND E-MAIL

54 DESTINATION

Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site

John Lorenzo Hubbell's famous trading post on the Navajo Indian Reservation carries on today with its founder's original mission.

3 TAKING THE OFF-RAMP

Explore Arizona oddities, attractions and pleasures.

EXPERIENCE ARIZONA

Relive a historic town-naming at an Independence Day Parade in Flagstaff; in Willcox, learn about the lesser-known Earp brother's fatal gunfight; enjoy Navajo weavings in Prescott; and celebrate a town's heritage in Seligman.

BACK ROAD ADVENTURE Loop Around Gobbler Peak

A circling drive passes unusual historical sites in the White Mountains and offers a chance to see elk and turkeys, or go fishing and bird-watching.

HIKE OF THE MONTH

Kendrick Mountain Trail

At Kendrick Peak, northwest of Flagstaff, a 3.5-mile steep sunny trail leads to scenic vistas and prime wildlife habitat.





Hanging Our Heads

In "Buckey O'Neill, Mr. Sensitive?" ("Taking the Off-ramp," February '03), there is the sentence "When murderer Dennis Dilda was hung in Prescott in 1886 . . ."

According to the best stylists, this is bad
English. Plants are "hung" in the window and
Christmas stockings are "hung" by the chimney
with care, but human beings are always "hanged."

M.W. WENNER. Prescott

The poor old editor would apologize for committing such an error, but he's not here. The grammar police have taken him away.

Teen-age Dancing

The column "He Could Have Danced All Night," ("Along the Way," February '03) by S.E. Turner brought tears to my eyes.

It has been more than 60 years since I attended teen dances, and the story brought back happy memories of the agony of asking a girl to dance (especially when you had little confidence in your dancing ability), and the joy of finding a compatible partner.

WILLIAM A. MARSH, Boise, ID

Peanut-loving Squirrels

We read the story about the shy Abert squirrels by Kelly Tighe ("Shy Sprites of the Ponderosa Pine Forests," February '03). You should come to our house. About seven of them come for breakfast each morning and for dinner each afternoon.

We feed them peanuts and apples, and if we don't get out there fast enough, they climb on the back screen door to let us know they are out there. They are beautiful animals, and we know when each female has her litter. She has about three of them, and when the young ones get big enough, she brings them around to us. They will take peanuts right out of our hands, and they are clowns, too. For the cost of peanuts, we get hours of entertainment just watching them. They are our babies and part of our family. There is nothing shy about our squirrels.

MR. AND MRS. DEL PORTER, Flagstaff

Montezumas Head

I just finished reading the article "Scrambling Up Montezumas Head" (February '03). I particularly enjoyed the fact that none of the climbers in the story wore helmets. It's a well-known fact that the protection afforded by climbing helmets is vastly overrated (particularly in comparison with the durability of the bare human skull). I look forward to future articles that feature kids playing in

traffic, people driving without seatbelts and hikers entering the Grand Canyon in July without water.

I hope you don't mind the ribbing, but I also hope you choose to set a good example in the future

TODD MARTIN, Phoenix

Miles From Where?

I have been a subscriber to *Arizona Highways* for more than 40 years. During that time, I have always looked forward to its arrival.

Recently however, it has gotten my hackles up. Almost every issue has a map on page 1 showing Phoenix and Tucson, yet almost all articles have a note at the end telling how to get there only from Phoenix.

In the February 2003 issue, it says Nogales is 175 miles south of Phoenix. In the January 2003 issue, it says the Huachuca Mountains are 200 miles southeast of Phoenix. In the March 2003 issue, it notes that the Buenos Aires National Wildlife Refuge is 170 miles southwest of Phoenix, and that Tubac is 160 miles south of Phoenix.

Most people in the world know where Tucson is. I recently bought a globe of the world made in China. It has Tucson on it, but not Phoenix.

I feel the 750,000 people in Tucson would like to know how far places in southern Arizona are from Tucson and not from Phoenix.

JAMES GRAY, Tucson We agree with you. We will begin giving mileage from the nearest large city. Thanks for the

Finding a Body

Thank you for the article "John Daw, the Navajos' Big Policeman" (February '03) by Leo W. Banks. I particularly appreciated the account of the murder that took place near Kaibito in 1937. Even though I was only 2 years old, I will never forget that event. My father, the late Ralph Jones, was the trader at Kaibito when the body was spotted by one of the local Navajo men. Not wanting to get anywhere near a corpse, this gentleman persuaded Daddy to "discover" the body.

After that day, when my father brought any visitor to Kaibito, he would slow his vehicle to a crawl and dramatically point out the spot where the deceased was found. Then we would hear the story of John Daw and how he knew that no Navajo would ever wear the boots of a dead person. Even today, with that old road to Kaibito no longer in existence, I think I could find that gully in my sleep.

ELIZABETH JONES DEWVEALL, Phoenix

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

JULY 2003 VOL. 79. NO. 7

Publisher WIN HOLDEN

Editor ROBERT J. EARLY
Senior Editor BETH DEVENY
Managing Editor RANDY SUMMERLIN
Research Editor MARY PRATT
Editorial Administrator CONNIE BOCH
Administrative Assistant NIKKI KIMBEL

Director of Photography PETER ENSENBERGER
Photography Editor RICHARD MAACK

Art Director MARY WINKELMAN VELGOS

Deputy Art Director BARBARA GLYNN DENNEY

Deputy Art Director BILLIE JO BISHOP

Art Assistant PAULY HELLER

Map Designer KEVIN KIBSEY

Arizona Highways Books
WitWorks® Books
Editor BOB ALBANO

Associate Editor PK PERKIN MCMAHON

Production Director CINDY MACKEY
Production Coordinator KIM ENSENBERGER
Promotions Art Director RONDA JOHNSON
Webmaster VICKY SNOW

Marketing Director

Circulation Director LEE FRANKLIN

Finance Director ROBERT M. STEELE

 $\textbf{Fulfillment Director} \quad \text{VALERIE J. BECKETT}$

Information Technology Manager CINDY BORMANIS

FOR CUSTOMER INQUIRIES OR TO ORDER BY PHONE:

Call toll-free: (800) 543-5432 In the Phoenix area or outside the U.S.,

Or visit us online at:

For Corporate or Trade Sales

E-MAIL "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR":

Regular Mail:

2039 W. Lewis Ave. Phoenix, AZ 85009

Governor Janet Napolitano
Director, Department of Transportation

Victor M. Mendez

ARIZONA TRANSPORTATION BOARD
Chairman Ingo Radicke, Globe
Vice Chairman Bill Jeffers, Holbrook
Members Dallas "Russy" Gant, Wickenburg

Richard "Dick" Hileman, Lake Havasu City James W. Martin, Willcox Joe Lane, Phoenix S.L. Schorr, Tucson

INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL MAGAZINE ASSOCIATION 2001, 2000, 1998, 1992, 1990 Magazine of the Year

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS ASSOCIATION 2002 Best Overall Consumer Publication 2002, 2001 Best Travel & In-transit Magazine 2000, 1999, 1998, 1997, 1995, 1993, 1992 Best Regional & State Magazine

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN TRAVEL WRITERS FOUNDATION 2000, 1997 Gold Awards Best Monthly Travel Magazine

Arizona Highways ® (ISSN 0004-1521) is published monthly by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Subscription price: \$24 a year in the U.S., \$34 in Canada, \$37 elsewhere outside the U.S. Single copy: \$3.99 U.S., except July; \$4.99. Send subscription correspondence and change of address information to Arizona Highways, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. Periodical postage paid at Phoenix, AZ and at additional mailing office. POSTMASTER: send address changes to Arizona Highways, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009. Copyright © 2003 by the Arizona Department of Transportation. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. The magazine does not accept and is not responsible for unsolicited materials provided for editorial consideration.

PRODUCED IN THE USA



An Arabian Oryx
Success Story

nce one of the rarest animals in the world, and still listed as endangered, the Arabian oryx owes its growing numbers to the Phoenix Zoo. Forty years ago, the zoo started the first captive breeding herd of *Oryx leucoryx* with only nine animals. Two hundred oryx births later, the Phoenix Zoo has helped other zoos start their own herds. Many of the animals have been reintroduced to their native habitat, which ranges from the Arabian Peninsula north to Iraq.

Goodbye, Whiskey

n June 1931, federal agents destroyed a huge whiskey still in Sandrock Canyon, located north of Strawberry and south of what is now State Route 260. The wilderness distillery had an estimated worth of \$20,000. Three men were arrested.

Three men were arrested.

"They [federal agents] charged a log cabin which housed the distillery," newspapers reported, "and with rifles and sawed-off shotguns, surprised the three men, whom they tied to trees while the still and 700 gallons of mountain whiskey were destroyed."



ince Arizona's Territorial days, Tombstone has had the reputation of "The Town Too Tough to Die," so it seems fitting that Tombstone is also the home of "the rose too tough to die."

In 1885 Mary Gee traveled from her native Scotland to Tombstone with her new American husband Soon after arriving, she wrote her family asking them to send her some cuttings from her garden. Among the plants that arrived from Scotland were the rooted shoots of a rosebush. Gee planted the rose cutting in the back vard of her landlady's boardinghouse. Little did Gee know that the rose she planted would live for

more than 117 years.

The Lady Banks rose, named for the wife of noted 18th-century British botanist Sir Joseph Banks, came from cuttings taken from a species brought to England in 1807. One of Banks' collectors had found the previously unknown species in China and brought a specimen back to Banks for the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew in London.

Called the "Shady Lady of Tombstone," the rose still grows on

the patio of the Rose
Tree Museum in
historic Tombstone.
The Guinness Book of
World Records yearly
confirms it as the
world's largest
rose tree.

Supported by a metal pipe trellis, it covers more than 8,700 square feet. Dappled sunlight peers through its tightly woven canopy of vines, and each April,

the plant bursts with tiny white

blossoms that number in the hundreds of thousands.

One of Tombstone's first ac

One of Tombstone's first adobe structures houses the museum, which has been owned and maintained by the Macia-Devere family for six generations. Visitors



[ABOVE AND BELOW] The Shady Lady of Tombstone holds the record as the world's largest rose tree.



will find displays chronicling
Tombstone's history, including
period furniture, vintage guns and
a mining exhibit. The museum
also sells rare, first-edition books
about the Old West and potpourri
made from the dried blossoms of
the Lady Banks rose.

Information: (520) 457-3326.

THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

First home laundry in the Salt River Valley is established in Phoenix.

A month after the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad enters Arizona, track-laying is suspended until September because of "unprecedented" rainstorms.

Pima County's first legal hanging takes place in Tucson.

The Black
Canyon Stage is robbed for the second time in three days.

Two Black Canyon stage robbers are caught. One is a local village blacksmith from

A rumor that the Apache Kid has arrived in Tempe brings out citizens armed with rifles, shotguns and handguns.

Warren Earp, youngest brother of Wyatt Earp, is killed during a fight in a Willcox saloon on infamous Railroad Avenue.

Arizona leads the world in copper ore production for the first half

of the year.

2 JULY 2003 arizonahighways.com



Even though America's Mother Road has been

Route 66

Kitsch

on U.S.



freeways, you can still get your kitsch and collectibles on

U.S. Route Roadworks in Winslow. The shop offers hundreds of Route 66 souvenirs Here you'll find lighters, earrings, belt buckles,

T-shirts, keychains, license plates, beer mugs, shot glasses. thimbles hats,

bumper stickers. nightlights, Frisbees, yo-yos and magnets — all emblazoned with the famous blackand-white road sign. Information: (928) 289-5423.

A Candid Look at Black Heritage

Te try to give unedited history, how it was," says Shad "Standman" Blair, one of the founders of the Afro-American Heritage Museum in Tucson.

The small storefront museum offers a happy hodgepodge of antiques and artifacts collected by Blair and co-founder Charles Kendrick. Many of the displays relate to the life and impact of blacks on the Southwest, including the role of the black cowboy

and the Buffalo Soldiers.

Others depict the rural and

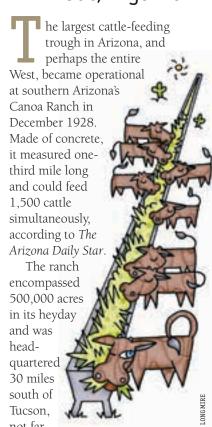
small-town life of another century.

An old country store has been replicated with potbellied stove, a board set for a game of checkers and disquieting examples of the way advertising once depicted blacks.

Blair gives the tour, and he has the experience. He can say, "I've gone from seeing a black man hanged to seeing Colin Powell."

Don't expect any frills in this museum. Do expect honest talk and a look at some pieces of history. Admission free, by appointment only, 1834 S. Park Ave. Information: (520) 792-9484.

Head 'Em Up, Feed 'Em Out, Bigtime



not far

from present-day Interstate 19.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1 8 8 0 s

PIONEER CABIN SURVIVES FIRE

When Andrew Locy Rogers came with Erastus Snow and William J. Flake to the high desert of northern Arizona in 1878, he built a modest one-room log cabin for his family.

As the Rogers clan grew, so did the house. Room after room was grafted onto the cabin, eventually swallowing it and the knowledge of its existence into dusty antiquity.

The house caught fire in 1989, and when it was extinguished and the rubble cleared away, the long-forgotten tiny cabin was standing in the ashes, its thick log wall singed but intact. The house's many additions had protected the cabin from the elements, leaving it exceptionally well-preserved.

Realizing an opportunity to showcase early Snowflake life, the city moved the cabin to its new home at First West and Center streets, one block



west of State Route 77. Volunteers constructed a new shake roof and handhewn wooden porch. Restored to its modest glory, the Rogers Cabin gives visitors a glimpse of pioneer living in the 1880s.

The interior sports period furniture, including a trunk, a rope bed with a bearskin bedspread, and rag rug. A springhouse and well complete the small park.



The World Famous

Date Shake

ver wonder what type of date

makes the best date

Charna Walker never did. That

milkshake? Roland and

is, until eight years ago when they

Dateland Palms Village at Interstate

8 and Milepost 67 in the tiny town

Included in the deal were a

restaurant, gift shop, recreational-

vehicle park and 300 producing

quite a surprise to unsuspecting

motorists traversing the otherwise

scrub-desert stretch of highway

date palms. The trees can come as

of Dateland.

left Alberta, Canada, and bought



Entering the Magical Valley of the Moon

ive years before J.R.R. Tolkien published his first fantasy, Tucson's own Hobbit lived in a warren of caves constructed under fanciful gardens and towers of rock.

In the 1920s, a kindly, eccentric postman spent all his spare time reshaping a couple of acres on the edge of Tucson. Wandering through the magical land he called the Valley of the Moon proves that George Phar Legler's imagination outran his construction skills. Nevertheless, he created a soulful, sometimes eerie retreat from everyday life.

Like all good fantasy thinkers, Legler was on a quest. He sought to teach kindness to children by

between Yuma and Gila Bend.

Eight varieties of dates spring from

among the palm fronds each year.

Coincidentally, the date that

makes the best shake is the same

that has been historically reserved

used for date shakes. Other dates

have thicker skins and don't drink

well through a straw," Roland says.

world visit this quaint desert town

cravings. The Dateland Restaurant

usually sells its first shake of the

day when its doors open at 6 A.M.

If business slows, you can bet the

waitresses are in the back hand-

pitting medjools

State Route 80. In

the days before air

stops to escape the

conditioning, frequent

Travelers from around the

of 864 to satisfy their date

for royalty. "Only medjool dates are

They can all be sampled in the

Dateland Palms Gift Shop.

dressing in costume and leading them through his gnome-filled dreamscape and telling them wonderful stories.

Legler is gone, but at the Valley of the Moon, an officially designated Arizona Historic Place, the quest continues. The George Phar Legler Society continues to maintain the Valley. Periodically, volunteer wizards and elves lead tours past waterfalls, skirting the great serpent and stopping to visit the Tower of Zogog. Tolkien's Hobbits would feel right at home.

The Valley of the Moon stands in a residential area, no longer on the edge of town, at 2544 E. Allen Road.

sweltering heat were a necessity.

"Dateland is one of the last

What makes the Dateland date

"We use the actual fruit," says

Charna. "Others use only date sugar

or crystals purchased from growers."

remaining authentic highway

stops," Roland says.

shake so irresistible?

Information: (520) 323-1331.



Ouestion of the Month

What desert plant is the monkey's tail or devil's coachwhip?

These names A These name refer to the ocotillo, which means "coachwhip" in Spanish, Its long. thin limbs sprout thousands of tiny green leaves after spring rains. Most of the year it appears dead and brittle, its arms

even decades passed before the bronze Hopi Flute Player, designed by Hopi artist Emry Kopta (1884-1953), was cast into sculptural life. Today the flutist silently plays amid the serene fountain courtyard of the Arizona State University Music Building in Tempe. The 1933-commissioned artwork languished for lack of funding until this year.

The date shake's origins are a mystery to Roland and Charna. But many of the establishment's of Art Project initiated by President more seasoned customers tell tales Franklin D. Roosevelt. Kopta's of partaking of the unique treat at original plaster model was the original Dateland Restaurant. digitally enlarged, cast by It was first built in the late 1920s along the now-abandoned placed — finally — in the the wishes of the Hopi Tribe.

'Lost' Hopi Art

It was designed for the Public Works

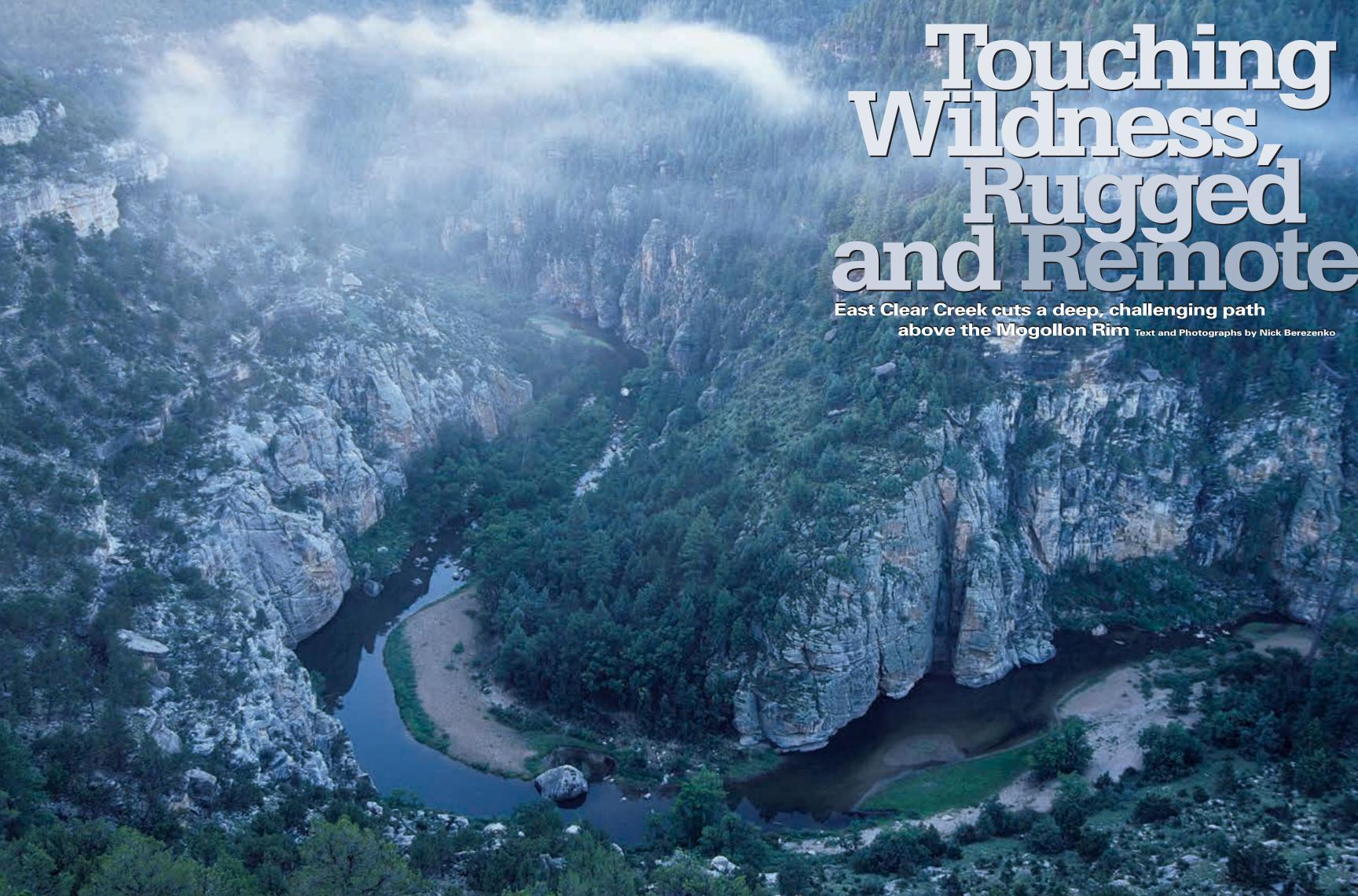
Arizona Bronze of Tempe and courtyard in accordance with

CONTRIBUTORS

punctuated by

sharp gray thorns.

VERA MARIE BADERTSCHER LEO W. BANKS SARA COOPER GAIL FISHER DEBRA KROL CARRIE M. MINER TERI NIESCHULZ MARY PRATT KATHLEEN WALKER





ust northeast of Pine, atop the 8,077-foot-high bubble of Baker Butte, I watch the approaching storm. Ranks of blue clouds pile up above the swath of green forest beneath me. The largest continuous ponderosa pine forest in the world rolls out forever, and the storm promises to engulf it.

Feeling the first splotchy pellets of raindrops hit, I am at this moment—in spite of the grandiose panorama at my feet—thinking of East Clear Creek to the north of me.

For when a raindrop falls, a matter of mere inches can determine entirely different routes of travel for the precious water. Depending upon the vagaries of wind and weather—updrafts, currents, elevation—if the rain is blown anywhere onto the southern slope of this little mountain that I'm on, it'll quickly tumble off the precipitous lip of the Mogollon Rim on which the mountain perches. Below the 2,000-foot-high escarpment, the water will soon meld into one of numerous drainages heading directly south for the desert surrounding Phoenix.

But if it falls just a few inches north, it'll undergo a much different journey—a long, circuitous odyssey that will take it either through the Verde Valley to the west or the wind-blown plains of Winslow to the north

before eventually reaching the same desert. If the rain settles onto the northwest quadrant of the butte, it will wind up in wild and woolly West Clear Creek—a canyon deep, remote and quite spectacular. But if the rain inches east, it takes a more curious course—if slightly less gaudy, at least much more accessible. This, then, is the story of the lesser, but nevertheless big-hearted, brother. The wonderful, cantankerous stream known as East Clear Creek.

At first you don't even know that it's there. On the spongy, fern-covered slopes of Baker Butte, no water runs. No rills, no tendrils spring. In the strewn forest compost, all precipitation suffuses underground, and where it first appears aboveground offers quite a revelation and a surprise.

Set in a deep bowl ringed by pines and aspens, Potato Lake—just about 2 miles northeast of the butte—depicts the classic

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 6 AND 7]
A whisper of clouds veils the convoluted course of East Clear Creek below Soldier Trail on the Mogollon Rim north of Payson.
[ABOVE] Coneflower stems promise yellow blooms along one of East Clear Creek's placid pools.
[BELOW] Early morning sunlight peeks through aspen and juniper woods, catching golden peas flowering near Baker Butte northeast of Pine.
[RIGHT] East Clear Creek meanders through a forest of ponderosa pine and Douglas fir trees between Blue Ridge Reservoir and Kinder Crossing.





8 JULY 2003 arizonahighways.com



picture postcard-view of a mountain lake. One of the few natural lakes on the Rim, it's an ideal spot for picnicking, for lazing the afternoon away watching butterflies flit among the purple locusts in the spring. Or in autumn, listening to the aspen leaves tambourining down in showers of gold coins. During the night, campers hear the eerie, melodious bugling of elk during the fall rut.

The shallow, round pond of Potato Lake forms the first real water below Baker Butte. Actually a basin spring, it gives birth to East Clear Creek, though officially that doesn't happen until a mile northeast of the lake.

Here, where Potato Lake Draw and Quaking Aspen Canyon meet in a quiet pool, East Clear Creek begins.

On a drive four months earlier—it was a brilliantly sunny spring morning—I had reached down and cupped a handful of cold water out of the pool. Looking down on the smooth surface that I'd disturbed, I watched it return to quietness, to a still mirror once again, reflecting soaring ponderosas and drifting clouds. Even though I was by the side of a road, I was again in wildness.

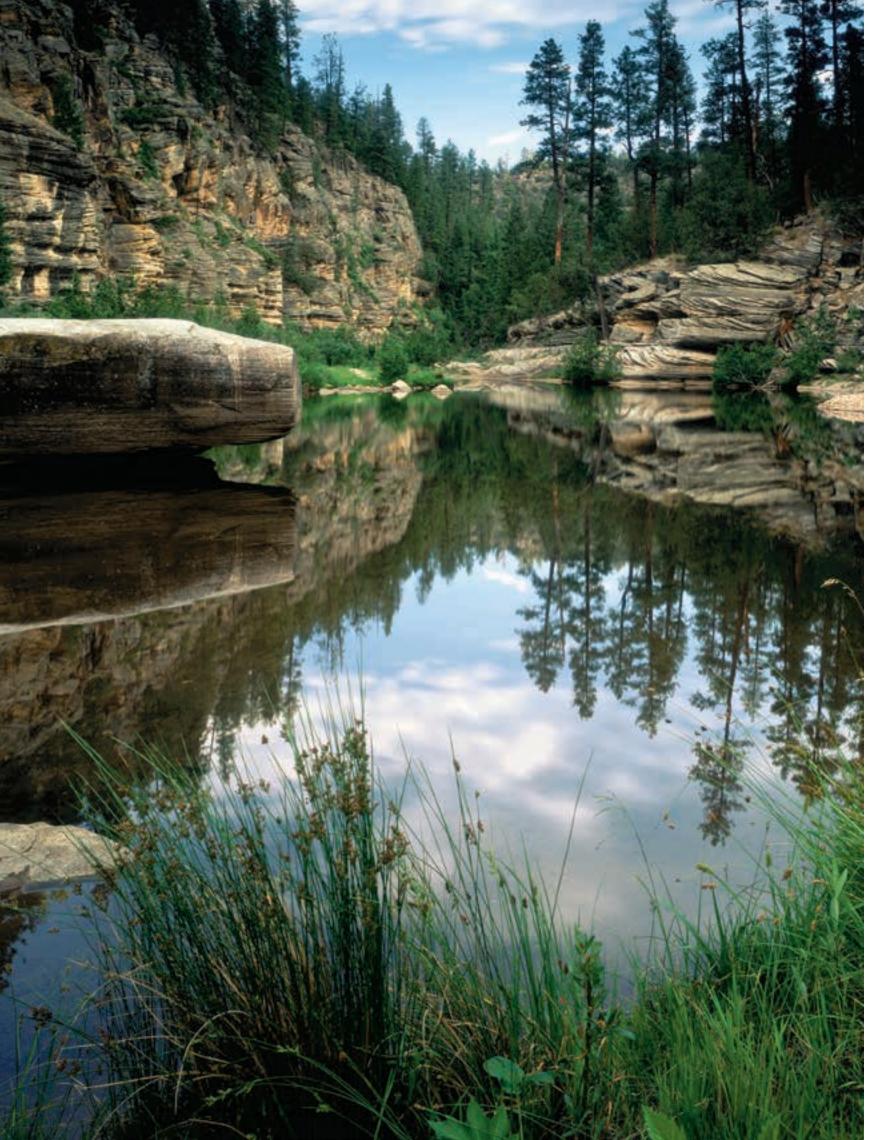
Marvelously strange country, this Mogollon Rim. The deceptively difficult terrain can fool you.

Initially you may think it's flat forest, the southern edge of the Colorado Plateau. But then you discover that the Rim actually slopes gradually to the north. All the water that runs on this barely noticeable declination cuts long, parallel channels, deep furrows that quickly become incised little canyons. Eventually, by hook or crook, myriad canyons meet and, like a swelling symphony, form the larger drainages like East Clear Creek. But before they do, each forms its own Lost World, its own moist hideaway where pristine purple monkshood, bloodred cinquefoil and royal-blue lupines bloom, and deer, coyotes, turkeys, elk, bears—all manner of wild denizens—hide and roam.

For the first 8 miles of its run down from the confluence pool, burbling East Clear Creek sashays through open meadows filled in June with the splashy yellow centers of oxeye daisies.

Shortly before Jones Crossing, 2 miles southeast of Clints Well, the creek walls begin rising up to form a canyon, but just below the crossing the creek throws you

[LEFT] Decorated with spring blooms, a New Mexico locust tree embraces its neighboring aspens by the shore of Potato Lake.



[LEFT] At Kinder Crossing, East Clear Creek reflects jagged cliffs that defy hikers wanting easy access to the water's edge.
[RIGHT] Ledges buttressed with stone fortresses near Soldier Trail mutely testify to long-ago Sinagua Indian presence.



another curve. It entirely disappears. It goes underground beneath a wide, rubble-strewn watercourse of bleached streambed gravel, rounded river boulders and brachiopod fossils. As the canyon continues to deepen, the creekbed remains crunchingly bone-dry for 7 more miles, until it reaches Big Dry Wash.

The Battle of Big Dry Wash occurred in 1882 when most Arizonans held their breath that the Apache Wars had finally ended. On July 6, a band of about 75 renegade Apaches broke out from the San Carlos Indian Reservation. They marauded north, killing isolated settlers and stealing cattle. Troops were dispatched from all corners of the state, and the Indians fled onto the Rim.

On July 17, the soldiers caught up to them at East Clear Creek near what is now the end of the dry watercourse and the upper reaches of Blue Ridge Reservoir.

Peering through a dense tangle of mossdraped pines and firs, the sharp-eyed trooper scouts somehow discerned that the renegades waited about 700 yards away on the opposite side of the steep canyon.

Flanking parties were dispatched to find a way down the almost impassable pitches and up the opposite precipices. They did make it up the other side, and so successful was their reverse ambush that at the end of the day, after a furious tree-to-tree firefight in which 8,000 rounds were exchanged, only one trooper was mortally wounded. At least 20 Apaches lay dead and the rest had fled back to the reservation. The battle holds significance as the last major conflict between the U.S. Cavalry and the Apaches.

Today, navigating 4-mile-long Blue Ridge Reservoir by boat or canoe compares to passing through a Chinese dragon. The narrow lake twists and turns upon itself in serpentine folds and oxbows, while the nearby banks on either side rise so steeply that the majestic 100-foot-high Douglas firs climb on each other's shoulders. The reservoir appears particularly lovely at morning, when there's a chill in the air and the fog starts to lift off the water. Ducks and coots skim silently across the surface, and a great blue heron flaps its slow, great wings, momentarily flashing golden in a shaft of sunlight penetrating into the canyon.

Built by the Phelps Dodge Corporation in 1962 as part of a complicated water-exchange arrangement that allowed the company to mine copper at Morenci, the 160-foot-high Blue Ridge Dam backs up one of the prime trout fisheries in the state. Because of the steep banks, fishermen are mainly boaters. So the dam has transformed East Clear Creek into its fourth—and perhaps most quixotic manifestation—that of a cold, deep, azuregreen ribbon, an entity half-canyon, half-lake.

East of the dam, East Clear Creek returns to what it once was: a hiker's canyon and a challenge. Severe rock cliffs appear, and, beneath them, somnolent deep pools ringed by upright, congregated coneflowers. Here, gaining access to the creek is difficult. Once past the bridge at the confluence of Barbershop Canyon, 2 miles east of Blue Ridge Reservoir, the wilderness trails that take you down to the streambed are rugged and not for the fainthearted. Kinder Crossing, Horse Crossing, Mack's Crossing, Soldier trails—all require nearly vertical 600-foot-or-so descents.

The few backpackers, dayhikers and fishermen who brave the trails are rewarded by

hard-won solitude and exultation. Wild and undisturbed 4-pound trout will still take a well-placed fly. And the silver-flashing, rain-bow-speckled fish still bend rods across clear graveled pools.

Here, East Clear Creek has finally come into its own. It's as glorious a canyon as those seeking the untrammeled wild could wish for. Deep, remote and ever-flowing, it gives its big heart to those who win it.

By the time it reaches Soldier Trail at the edge of the Coconino National Forest, East Clear Creek has completed slightly less than half of its 90-mile run to Winslow and the Little Colorado River. Beyond Soldier Trail, it becomes mostly terra incognita, seen by few and rarely visited. Soon the creek will run out of the pine forest and will flow beyond the Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests boundary as well. It enters private land, formerly the old Gene Autry ranch, now the property of the Hopi Tribe.

In this portion, the creek will undergo several more spectacular transformations. It will: become a bare rock canyon hiding Sinagua Indian fortresses and ruins; get lost in a convoluted and intricate maze below the shadow of Sunset Mountain; turn into a magnificent, close-walled slot canyon. And finally, just before Winslow, East Clear Creek becomes a reservoir once again. Eventually its waters will even run through the Grand Canyon. A fitting place to come to its end.

Living as he does beneath the shadow of the Mogollon Rim in the town of Pine, Nick Berezenko feels a special affinity for East Clear Creek. It was his first canyon and we always remember our first love.

arizonahighways.com ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 13

IN MY EXPERIENCE, A WILDERNESS PLACE WITH A HELLISH-SOUNDING NAME usually has earned it. Devils Canyon in central Arizona's Dripping Spring Mountains about 60 miles east of Phoenix near Superior is no exception. What waits discovery ranks much closer to heaven.

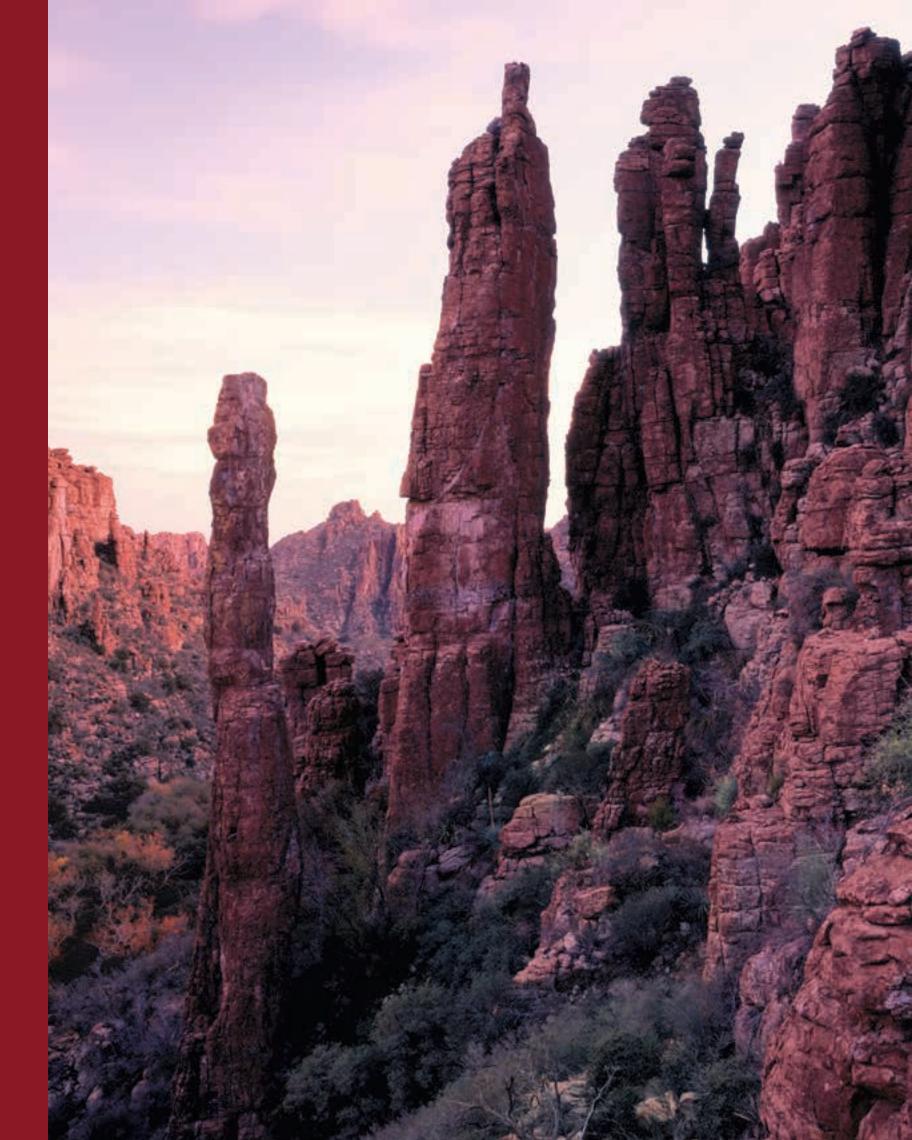
but you pay a price in getting there: in physical exertion; in possible harm from falls; in cuts and scratches, sunburn, insect bites and possible snakebites.

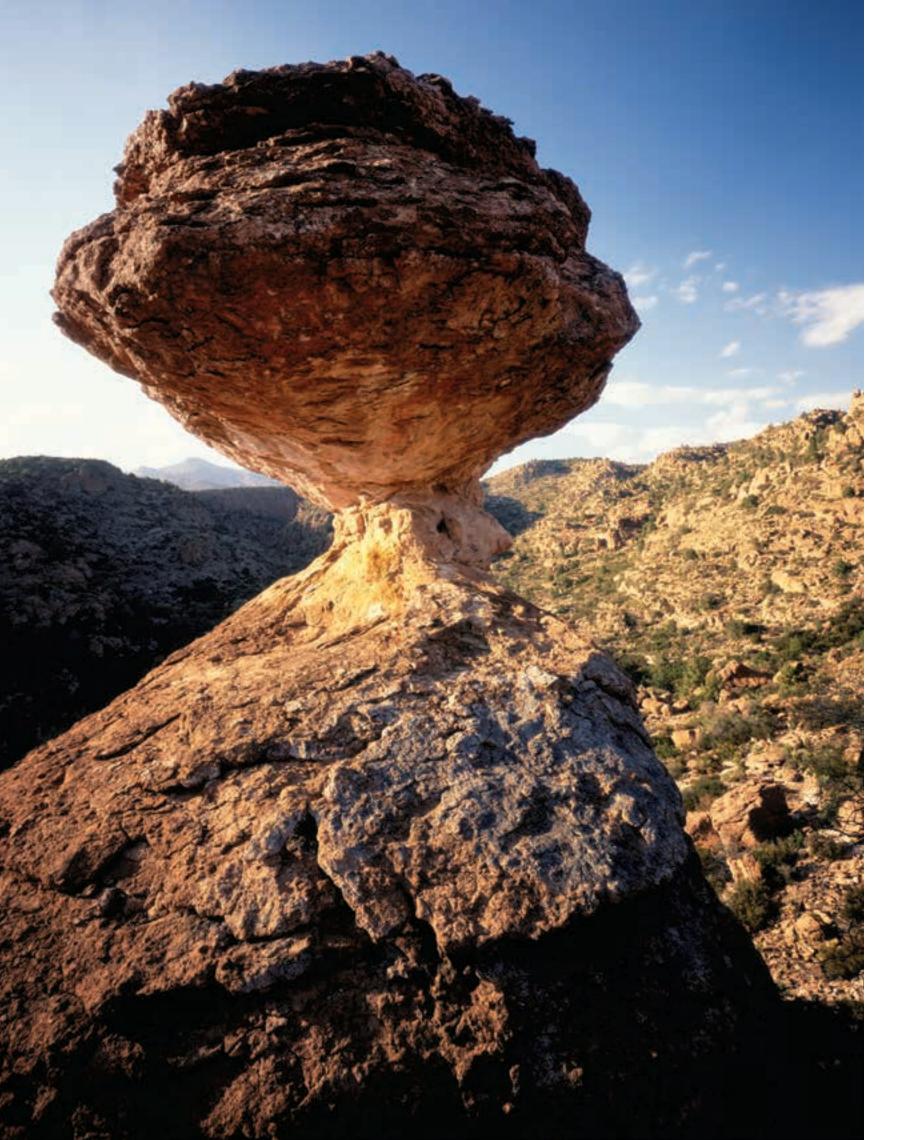
Even as a child, on a driving trip by the upper end of the canyon, I could see that the mysterious gorge seemed to hide something. Later, halfhearted attempts to discover the canyon's secrets proved futile. This remote defile guards its jewels with some daunting obstacles: wall-to-wall poison ivy, impenetrable catclaw bushes, needle-sharp agaves, angry rattlesnakes and imposing cliffs of rotten rock that must be down-climbed.

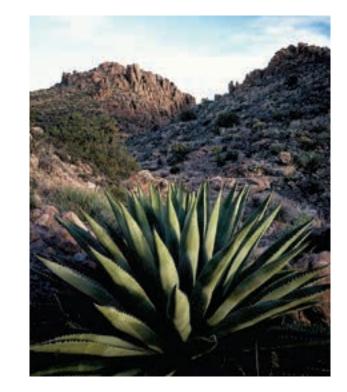
My first five serious expeditions failed. I was stranded a couple of times at the top of huge cliffs and had to turn back. I ran out of daylight. The waterfalls were hidden by the very dramatic topography — most of the canyon is remote and difficult to approach. But finally I found what I sought: some of Arizona's most beautiful and dramatic waterfalls and plunge pools.

Devils Canyon shelters much more treasure than its waterfalls and pools. Lush vegetation, incredibly balanced boulders, narrow volcanic spires, a troop of exotic coatimundis and a hidden cave all invite exploration if you dare make it in

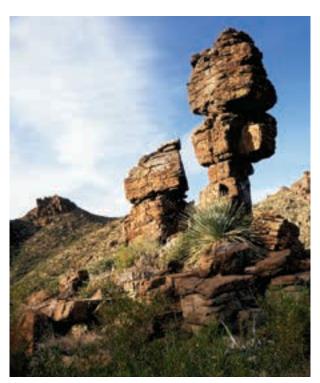
For the serious adventurer, the efforts and risk will be rewarded, but not without paying the devil his due.





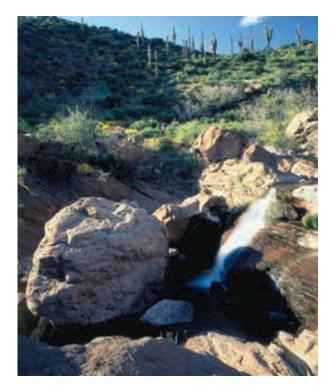


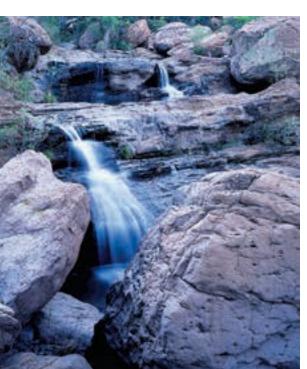
[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGE 15]
Countless seasons of
erosion have produced
the fanciful granite
spires of Devils Canyon in
the Dripping Spring
Mountains southeast of
Superior.
[LEFT] Devils Canyon's
ruggedness and
inaccessibility hides its
geologic wonders from all
but the hardiest
adventurers.
[ABOVE RIGHT] A yellowflowered agave's spiky
armament punctuates the
harsh beauty of the
surrounding landscape.
[BELOW RIGHT] Balanced
rocks create totems along
the upper reaches of the
steep-sided canyon.



arizonahighways.com ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 17







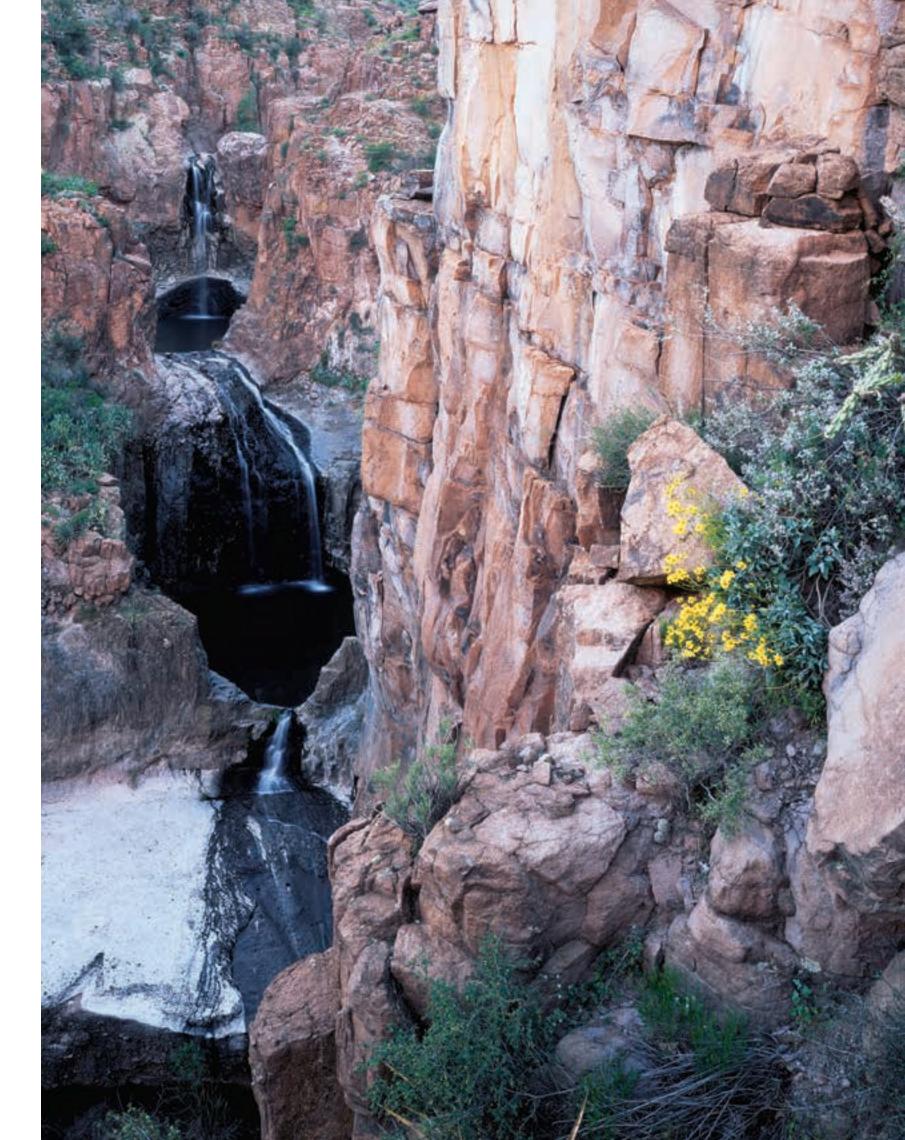
[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 18 AND 19] Springtime rains fuel a hidden waterfall deep in a rocky cleft at the bottom of cleft at the bottom of the canyon.

[ABOVE LEFT] Saguaro cacti line a ridge above a transient desert grotto.

[BELOW LEFT] The temporary nature of flowing water in most desert canyons invites quiet contemplation.

[RIGHT] Steep-sided Devils Canyon shelters a series of small waterfalls. Pools created below the falls provide a source of water for desert wildlife.





20 JULY 2003 arizonahighways.com







[LEFT] Sunlight skims across verdant streamside grasses and a small waterfall.
[TOP] The cream-colored trunks of Arizona sycamore trees arch gracefully before sunsplashed canyon walls.
[ABOVE] The sycamores' roots entwine waterpolished cobblestones along the canyon's creekbed.



★ TRUE STORIES FROM ARIZONA'S FRONTIER PAST ★

Stories of the Indian wars, courageous lawmen and the struggle to tame the Arizona frontier are among the most popular topics of Arizona Highways readers. But many of those readers are unaware that Arizona Highways recently has published a series of 11 books of such stories in its Wild West Collection. So here we offer excerpts from some of those books to give our readers a few good stories and to acquaint them with what else we have in print.

Bascom and Cochise

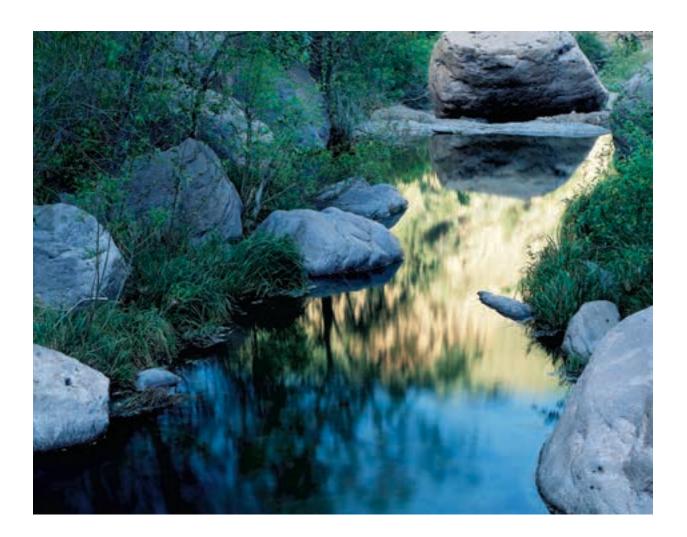
DIPLOMACY DISHONORED

BY LEO W. BANKS



species.





he Chiricahua Apache leader Cochise first came to the attention of the U.S. military when an Overland stage route and station were established through Apache Pass, between the Dos Cabezas and Chiricahua mountains. Cochise kept his people at peace—though relations were strained—and even supplied firewood to the station. But war erupted with exquisite fury in 1861. The episode that sparked it, known as the Bascom Affair, was a drama that could not be invented.

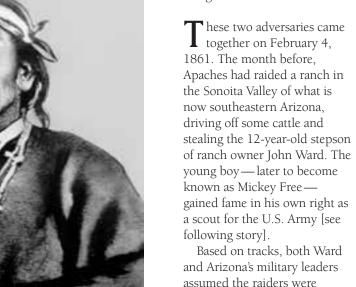
Kentucky-born George N. Bascom graduated from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in 1858, finishing an unspectacular 26th in a class of 27. He had been an Army lieutenant in Arizona for five months when he was ordered to Apache Pass to retrieve a kidnapped boy named Felix Ward. Not yet 25 years old, Bascom was supremely stubborn and, we can presume, derived much of what he believed about Apaches from his imagination.

Cochise was a revered figure

among his people, their absolute leader. Approximately 50 years old at the time,

intelligent, tall, with well-chiseled features, he had three brass rings in each ear,

and projected a dignity that could cow the toughest man. by Bascom, he became what Indian-haters believed he was:



and Arizona's military leaders assumed the raiders were bound for Apache Pass. The pass was home to Cochise and his band, so they were presumed guilty.

But when crossed, as he was

Bascom and 54 men of the 7th Infantry rode out of Fort Buchanan, south of Tucson near Patagonia, with orders to do what was proper to recover the stock and the boy, Felix Ward, and in the bargain "to



An artist's rendering of Chiricahua Apache chieftain Cochise

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 25 24 JULY 2003 arizonahighways.com arizon a highways.com

pursue and chastise such marauding parties."

The soldiers arrived at the Overland stage station in Apache Pass on Sunday, February 3. After sending word to Cochise requesting a meeting, Bascom headed into Siphon Canyon, three-quarters of a mile away to make camp.

Late the following day,
Cochise arrived with his wife;
his younger brother,
Coyuntura; two of his children;
and two or three warriors,
possibly his nephews.
Historians believe his decision
to bring family members
indicates that he anticipated no
trouble, having had nothing to
do with the Ward raid.

Exactly what transpired inside Bascom's tent that day remains somewhat mysterious. The likeliest version, based on several accounts, is that Bascom served dinner to Cochise, his brother, and one of his nephews. Then after friendly talk, the lieutenant turned accuser, naming Cochise as the perpetrator of the raid.

The chief denied it. He said the boy had been taken by members of the Coyoteros band, who held him captive in the Black Mountains. Cochise then offered to try to bring Felix Ward in, if Bascom were willing to remain at the stage station for 10 days.

But that wouldn't do for the lieutenant, who firmly believed Cochise was responsible and had plotted all along to take the chief prisoner. As soon as Cochise had entered the tent, Bascom's soldiers surrounded it to prevent escape.

After Cochise's offer, the lieutenant announced that the chief and his people would be held hostage until the boy was returned. Enraged, Cochise drew his knife, slashed open the back of the tent and fled, with his brother and one warrior following.

In the account of an

eyewitness, a soldier known only as Oberly, Bascom yelled, "Shoot them down!"

What happened to Coyuntura and the warrior is unclear. Oberly said Coyuntura was stopped by a bullet through the leg. Another memoirist reported that one of them was knocked to the ground with the butt of a carbine and the second bayoneted, but survived. This much is certain: neither one escaped.

Cochise fled through a phalanx of Army riflemen. An estimated 50 shots were fired as he raced over a hilltop, his coffee cup still in hand. Shortly thereafter, he reappeared and shouted down to Bascom,

to this encounter, but that portrayal wasn't quite true. Furthermore, he was highly critical of Bascom, saying that the lieutenant was "totally unfit to deal with the Apaches." He alone among memoirists implied that Bascom was a drunk, "well-supplied with commissary whiskey, which he used liberally."

Oberly concluded—
correctly on this point—that
Cochise and his party had done
absolutely nothing wrong, and
"came into camp on a friendly
invitation from Bascom and
without fear of molestation."

On the other hand, writing in 1887, B.J.D. Irwin, an assistant military surgeon who



Cochise took additional prisoners that night, when his men waylaid a 12-man wagon train hauling flour through the pass to New Mexico.

asking to see his brother, Coyuntura. Bascom answered with gunfire.

At that, the chief raised his hand, swore revenge, and shouted, "Indian blood is as good as white man's blood!" Then he left.

The conflicting versions of this incident, as with several that followed, usually break down according to whether the teller supports the officer's actions or finds them reprehensible. Even today, Bascom personifies whatever viewpoint a chronicler wishes to expound.

Oberly's recollections provide a case in point. Writing 25 years after the fact, he depicted Cochise as entirely friendly with Americans prior arrived at Apache Pass six days after the tent episode, described Bascom and other Americans as victims of the cowardly and wicked Chiricahua chief. He said the lieutenant announced that he was keeping Cochise and his people only as a last resort, "after every effort at peaceful persuasion had proved futile."

Adding to the murkiness surrounding the incident, Edwin Sweeney, Cochise's biographer, claimed that Bascom lied in his official report to his superiors by saying he had consented to Cochise's proposition.

If he had, an escape obviously wouldn't have been necessary. Sweeney said that all six of the written recollections of the incident by Americans

concur that Cochise was not released, but escaped.

Looking back, Bascom had good reason to lie. He was embarrassed at losing the man he believed responsible for the Ward raid, thus touching off several days of spectacular violence.

Bascom moved his command back to the Overland stage station, perhaps thinking that its rock walls would help protect his soldiers in the fight he believed was coming. On the morning after he had fled from the tent, Cochise appeared on the hill south of the station, accompanied by a Coyotero chief named Francisco and about 500 warriors. They presented a white flag of truce and asked to talk with Lieutenant Bascom.

Four men from each party moved cautiously together, converging about 150 yards from the station. The meeting went nowhere. Cochise pleaded for the release of his family, and Bascom again insisted that Cochise return the Ward boy first.

Then the unexpected happened. Three civilian Overland employees — James Wallace, Charles Culver and a third man identified only as Walsh or Welch — believing their existing friendship with Cochise might break the stalemate, moved forward among the Indians, ignoring Bascom's order to stay back.

When warriors concealed in a ravine rushed forward to capture the three, shooting broke out. Culver knocked down two of his Indian captors and broke for the stage station, along with Welch. Culver reached the front door before taking a bullet in the back and collapsing, severely injured. At the station's stone corral, Welch popped his head above the rocks, whereupon a soldier on the other side, mistaking him

for an Apache, shot him through the head, killing him instantly. Wallace remained a captive.

One of the unarmed soldiers who accompanied Bascom, also unarmed, to the parlay was wounded in the turmoil, and according to Irwin, one bullet passed through Bascom's clothing and another through his hat.

Several Apaches probably were wounded as well, and a few were killed. That night, in the words of Sgt. Daniel Robinson, who told his version in the August 1896 issue of *Sports Afield*, the "weird war cries of the squaws were distinctly heard wailing over their dead."

At noon the following day, Cochise again tried to make an exchange. This time he appeared on a hill above the station dragging a hungry and freezing Wallace behind him, the captive's hands tied behind his back and a rope looped around his neck. The chief asked for his family back in exchange for Wallace and 16 government mules.

But Bascom's answer hadn't changed—he wanted the Ward boy returned.

Cochise took additional prisoners that night, when his men waylaid a 12-man wagon train hauling flour through the pass to New Mexico. The Chiricahuas considered nine of them worthy of execution on their nationality alone—they were Mexicans. The Indians tied the men by their wrists to the wagon wheels, tortured them and then set fire to the wagons.

Cochise kept the three Americans as trade bait. They were Sam Whitfield, William Sanders, said to be a half-breed Cherokee, and Frank Brunner, a German teamster.

Also that same night, February 6, Cochise returned to the hill overlooking the stage station and left a note for



Bascom. It was written by Wallace in charcoal, according to William Sanders Oury, an Overland employee, and attached to a stake driven into the ground.

"Treat my people well and I will do the same by yours, of whom I have three." In truth, by then, it was four — Wallace, Whitfield, Sanders and Brunner.

Why Bascom didn't get Wallace's note remains a mystery. But for Cochise, the silence from the lieutenant was an answer to his offer, an unspoken death sentence for the four hostages.

Early the morning of February 7, the Apaches attempted to waylay another eastbound stage in the pass, apparently to secure more hostages. Although the Overland driver had his leg broken by a rifle bullet, the effort failed and the coach reached the station about 2 A.M.

During this time, according to Oberly, Bascom became thoroughly unnerved, cowering behind the stone walls, afraid even to permit his parched soldiers to go for water at the spring nearby.

Finally, after Sergeant
Robinson safely filled six
canteens, Oberly said,
"Bascom's craven fears were
stilled and he ordered the
mules taken to the water but
they were attacked" as they
returned by a party of naked
Indians, painted and singing a
war song.

"Like a flash the entire place was filled with Indians," said Oberly of the February 8 fight. "They seemed to spring from the earth."

"They were coming so openly and boldly that they no doubt expected to sweep all before them without much trouble," according to Robinson.

The sergeant was wounded in the shooting, a station employee killed, and the raiders made off with 56 mules. But the attack at the spring served only as a diversion.

The main raid, meant to overrun the station and free Cochise's relatives, was under way, probably led by Cochise himself. A young Geronimo, then 38, and Chief Mangas Coloradas and his band also were present. But this force was driven off, too, by heavy fire from behind the stone walls.

With his failure to capture the station, Cochise gave up hope of retrieving his relatives and headed into Mexico.
Bascom and his men, unaware of this, stayed put for six days, keenly awaiting the next Chiricahua raid.

In the meantime, in response to a dispatch sent by Bascom on February 7, two relief columns were en route to Apache Pass. One was the volunteer group of 14 men, led by assistant surgeon B.J.D. Irwin out of Fort Buchanan.

En route, as his party crossed a dry lake south of the present town of Willcox, they encountered a Coyotero chief and two warriors herding 30 stolen ponies and 40 head of cattle. Irwin wrote that "after a long and exciting chase and a running fight, extending over several miles," he captured the Indians and the stock.

He drove the animals ahead of his command to Apache Pass, where their arrival on February 10 was "hailed with shouts of joy, as it was feared that the expected relief party had been intercepted and wiped out."

Two companies of dragoons, led by Lieutenant Moore, arrived four days later from Fort Breckenridge (later named Camp Grant). With these reinforcements, scouting parties rode into the

26 JULY 2003 arizonahighways.com arizonahighways.com arizonahighways.com

mountains, but they encountered no Apaches.

On February 18, however, the scouting soldiers spotted buzzards hovering in the sky, and riding to the scene, a small valley on the west side of the Chiricahuas, they found the horribly mutilated bodies of Cochise's four prisoners— Wallace, Whitfield, Sanders and Brunner. Writing in 1877, primarily in defense of Bascom, Oury, who was present, said that only "by the gold filling in some of his teeth" was he able to identify Wallace. "All the bodies were literally riddled with lance holes." he said.

The remains were taken to a mound studded with oak trees and buried. On the trip back to the station, Oury said the shaken command decided to hang all the Indians held by

Bascom "to the trees that shaded our new-made grave."

After unsaddling his horse, Moore relayed his decision to Bascom, who objected, believing he would face the censure of his superiors. But Oury said that Moore, as ranking officer, told Bascom he would assume all responsibility.

In his typescript, however, Irwin said the decision to hang the Indians was made at his initiative. "It was I who suggested," he wrote with evident pride, "their summary execution, man for man."

When Bascom objected, Irwin claimed the right to execute the three prisoners he had taken, regardless of what Bascom did. At that, the lieutenant relented.

The three Coyoteros most likely had nothing to do with

the Cochise-Bascom standoff. Irwin would later receive the Medal of Honor for their capture.

The next day, Moore, Irwin and Bascom departed Apache Pass. When they reached the fresh graves of the four Americans, the soldiers stopped. Bascom led the six Indians to the oak trees and told them what was about to happen.

The condemned men, according to Oberly, wanted to be shot instead of hanged, and they asked for whiskey. Both requests were denied.

The Mesilla Times, a New Mexico newspaper, reported that one of the Indians, probably Coyuntura, went to the gallows "dancing and singing, saying that he was satisfied that he had killed two

Mexicans in that month."

"Another," the paper said,
"[was] begging piteously for
his life" before, as Sergeant
Robinson said, he and his
fellows were "hoisted so high
by the infantry that even the
wolves could not touch them."

Cochise's wife and two sons—including Naiche, who would become a chief himself and bedevil the Army in the war's last days—were subsequently turned loose.

The Bascom Affair, which began as a sincere effort to rescue a young boy, spawned decades of bloody hostilities between Cochise's people and the Americans settling the Territory.

Adapted from the book *Double Cross: Treachery in the Apache Wars*, volume 10 in the Wild West
Collection published by *Arizona Highways* Books.



Mickey Free

AN ARMY SCOUT RAISED BY APACHES

BY LEO W. BANKS

he young boy was tending stock on a ranch in southern Arizona when Apache warriors kidnapped him. Thrust into a new life on that fateful day, January 27, 1861, he lived as an Apache.

Eleven years later the boy became a U.S. Army scout known as Mickey Free, described as "half Irish, half Mexican, half Apache, and whole son of a [expletive]." It was meant as praise.

Mickey Free was born Felix Martinez about 1848 in Santa Cruz, Mexico. His mother was Jesus Martinez, and his father was a light-skinned, blue-eyed man, probably of Irish descent, named Tellez.

In 1858, after Tellez's death,

Jesus moved with her children into the Sonoita area of southern Arizona and took up with—though never married—a prosperous farmer named John Ward. In 1861, 12-year-old Felix was out with the herd on Ward's ranch when Apache renegades stole 20 head of cattle and took him with them. John Ward and Jesus

Martinez never saw Felix

again. They died about 1867 believing the boy was dead. But according to author Allan Radbourne, who studied Free's life for the *English Westerners' Brand Book*, the boy was handed over to the San Carlos Apaches, who raised him.

"Felix Ward came into contact with a whole new way of life," wrote Radbourne, "and effectively disappeared from the pages of recorded history for over a decade, to eventually emerge as Mickey Free."

How Felix Martinez Ward got the name Mickey Free is unknown. One theory is that a bad pronunciation of his Apache name sounded like Mickey Free.

In his years with the San Carlos Apaches, Mickey learned to track, shoot, hunt and kill. He signed on as an Army scout at Fort Verde in December 1872. Army records listed him as 5 feet 7 inches tall and 135 pounds. His pay was \$20 a month. In this role, he was to be present at almost every incident of the Apache conflict, from the Battle of Big Dry Wash to the escape of the Apache Kid and the pursuit of the renegade Victorio.

Al Sieber was the Army's famed chief of scouts. At first, Sieber neither trusted nor liked Free. But a bloody incident in Mogollon country in 1875 changed that.

Cavalrymen were herding some Apaches from Camp Verde to San Carlos when a snowstorm struck. In the flurry, a horse stumbled into a ravine and broke its neck, and one of its riders, a 9-year-old Yavapai Apache boy, broke his leg. Sieber pulled the boy onto the back of his horse and the group went on.

"They were hardly started when Sieber felt a sharp pain in his back," wrote A. Kinney Griffith, whose extensive writings on Free's life include a biography. "As he jerked around he felt the pain lessen and saw his own Bowie knife flash in the boy's hand for another stab."

Free killed the boy with a knife, then shot the boy's mother in the head as she lunged at Sieber with a saber. "Twice in the space of a few breaths," wrote Griffith, "Mickey Free had saved Al Sieber's life."

From then on Sieber trusted

Free and relied on him. It was Sieber who complimented Free by saying he was "half Irish, half Mexican, half Apache, and whole son of a [expletive]."

Once Sieber assigned Free to capture an Apache who had murdered a cavalry corporal and fled San Carlos. After tracking him for 300 miles, Free caught the renegade and slashed his throat.

But the body was too heavy to haul to the reservation, and Free needed proof of his kill. So he carved out the face of the renegade and wrapped it in the autobiography, Tom Horn called Free "the wildest daredevil in the world," a man with fiery red hair, a small red mustache, and "a mug that looked like the map of Ireland."

A more common description was "ugly." Free's left eye was a gray blob cocked at an odd angle, the result of a cataract he developed as an infant. He let his stringy, unkempt hair fall over his face to hide it.

In his history of Arizona published in 1916, J.H.
McClintock wrote that Free was "about as worthless a biped

approaches a savage state,"
wrote Gen. George Crook, who
chased Geronimo without
success, "the more likely he
will prove valuable as a
soldier."

Free quit the scouts in July
1893. Ten years later, Horn

Free was less than human. But

the Army valued primitiveness

"The nearer an Indian

in its scouts.

wrote that Free was living on the Fort Apache Reservation with "a large Indian family, and is wealthy in horses, cattle, squaws and dogs, as he himself puts it." Free married four times and fathered four children.

In his last years, Mickey Free was bent over, losing vision in

In his last years, Mickey Free was bent over, losing vision in his right eye and racked by tuberculosis. But in Prescott writer Kenneth Calhoun's manuscript on file at the Arizona Historical Society, the cunning tracker had one job left in him.

About 20 miles from Free's tin shack, another retired Apache scout and his son-in-law were shot dead when they confronted two cowboys butchering one of their cattle. The old manhunter, hobbled by illness and near death, got his rifle and his knife and rode out.

In a few days, Free returned to Fort Apache leading two riderless horses. He sold the mounts, along with their saddles and bridles, and gave the money to the widow. But he kept the cowboys' guns and boots for himself.

A short time later, on December 31, 1915, Free was found dead in his shack with a Catholic missal in his hands. It was the final contradiction in the life of a man who took his pay, killed his master's enemies and survived.

Adapted from the book *Days of Destiny: Fate Beckons Desperados & Lawmen*, volume 1 in the Wild West Collection published by

Arizona Highways Books.



Mickey Free

dead man's jacket. He dropped the rotting trophy at Sieber's feet. For his work, Free got a good meal and a bottle of whiskey.

M any of the stories told about Free hint of romanticized exaggeration, if not outright fiction. Sieber said he "could track a shadow on a rainy night," and in his

of a decade."

Although it was false, the half-breed label stuck, contributing to the view that

as could be imagined, ugly,

McClintock was echoing

Charles T. Connell, who

dirty, unreliable and dishonest."

worked with Free at San Carlos

in 1880 and described him as a

"wandering half-breed whose

being caused the woeful events

28 JULY 2003 arizonahighways.com arizonahighways.com arizonahighways.com



Twin Murders at Tuttle's Station

t started with an argument over a dog, and before the matter was settled two men would be brutally murdered, lynch mobs would demand rope justice and President Woodrow Wilson would order a dramatic, lastminute stay of execution. But in the end, killers William Stewart and John B. Goodwin would dangle at the bottom of government gallows.

On September 14, 1910, a vear and a half before Arizona became a state, deer hunters Fred Kibbe and Alfred Hillpot tied their horses outside Tuttle's Station, a stage stop and inn located along an old military supply road between Fort Apache and San Carlos in eastern Arizona.

Owner Bill Tuttle had turned operation of the station over to Stewart and Goodwin, unaware that both men were deserters from the U.S. Army. But Kibbe and Hillpot had no reason to suspect trouble. Stewart and Goodwin invited the hunters to lay over, offering to cook for them and care for their horses.

As they awaited the next day's hunting, Kibbe, 24, a grocer who'd married into a prominent Globe family, and Hillpot, about 27, a newcomer from New Jersey whose first name also was reported as Albert, chatted amiably with the two station managers.

But trouble began that same day when a dog belonging to Stewart bit Hillpot in the leg, and he responded by kicking

the animal hard enough to draw a yelp. An argument erupted, but by the next day, the hunters assumed the incident was over.

The gruesome story of what happened next came from Joseph E. Morrison, U.S. attorney for Arizona and a

bullet into Kibbe's forehead. killing him instantly.

Then Stewart took up a .30-.30 Marlin rifle and began firing at Hillpot as he lay on his back on his bedroll with his head against a saddle. One shot penetrated Hillpot's torso, narrowly missing the heart.



Scene of the murders of Fred Kibbe and Alfred Hillpot, circa 1914

prosecutor in the subsequent case. His account was published 47 years later in the Globe Arizona Record.

It was right after supper, and Kibbe was sitting on a backless chair, leaning forward with his elbows on a table, enjoying a smoke from his corncob pipe.

Goodwin, better known by the alias James Steele, rose from where he was sitting a few feet away, and with no provocation, drew a six-shooter and put a

Another entered the middle of his left shoulder and exited at his armpit, and a third struck him in the neck.

But Hillpot was alive when the shooting stopped, so Stewart charged him and, using the rifle as a club, beat Hillpot so severely that the rifle's stock splintered and "portions of the brains and bone were dashed against the walls of the cabin," according to Morrison.

The killers hurried outside to

steal their victims' horses, then decided to return to the cabin to rob the bodies of any valuables. Remarkably, Hillpot was not yet dead. To finish the job. Stewart drew a knife and cut his throat.

By that time, Stewart's shoes were so bloody that he vanked Hillpot's shoes off the still warm body and put them on. He and Goodwin mounted the horses and fled the station, carrying all of the hunters' belongings.

The killers were up against a formidable opponent in J.H. Thompson, known as the Territory's senior sheriff and a cunning tracker of bad men. In previous cases, Thompson had earned a reputation for the peculiar contents of his saddlebags: an extra box of ammunition, a change of socks and underwear, and a box of salt. As the Arizona Record noted: "He [was] a great lover of this life sustaining substance."

This manhunt also marked the end of an era for Thompson. For the first time in his long career, he shunned his horse for an automobile. The sheriff contacted M.L. Naquin, owner of the first Cadillac automobile to appear on the streets of Globe, and convinced him to use that car as the chase vehicle. So Thompson—along with Naquin, "horseless carriage" mechanic S.T. "Red" Brewer, and District Attorney Walter Shute — drove off in

The Cadillac performed well

high style to find the killers.

on the pock-marked road but burned out a bearing just short of Tuttle's Station. This near disaster resulted in what press accounts described as heroic repair work by Brewer.

He went to an old sawmill and retrieved bearing metal from some abandoned machinery, melted the metal in a frying pan and cast a bearing in sand. After many hours of work, Naguin's Caddy was up and running again.

The manhunt was several days along when Thompson's party found the getaway horses, exhausted and running loose about 20 miles east of Holbrook. The tip that led to the arrest came from an unlikely source, a barber in Holbrook named W.B. Cross.

He was cutting the hair of a Gila County cowboy, whose name has never been firmly established, when conversation turned to the ongoing manhunt. The cowboy mentioned that he'd just spotted two sets of tracks left by humans near the whistlestop of Adamana, 25 miles east of Holbrook.

Hearing that, Cross dropped his scissors and bolted across the street to the telegraph office to alert Thompson. Capture came without incident on September 22, when Stewart and Goodwin went into a store in Adamana to buy supplies.

Thompson then loaded his prisoners onto a train for the trip back to Globe. En route, he learned that the mood in town had grown ugly and that a mob of 500 townsmen was meeting every incoming train. Fearing a necktie party, the shrewd sheriff transferred his prisoners to a car in Phoenix and spirited them safely back to Globe along the rugged Apache Trail flanking the Salt River.

Stewart and Goodwin were put on trial five separate times in a bizarre legal tangle that lasted four years. In the first



Globe street scene from Labor Day 1911

two trials, both men were found guilty and sentenced to life in prison — Goodwin for killing Kibbe and Stewart for killing Hillpot. But defense lawyer Thomas E. Flannigan won a new trial by arguing that

Goodwin's last

request to

Flannigan was

to be hanged

wearing

oxford shoes.

new trousers.

a white shirt with

a black necktie.

and a red rose

on his breast.

because the crimes were

committed on an Indian

The best way to accomplish this. Morrison reasoned, was to reindict the men for the most brutal of the two murders, which was Hillpot's. Success hinged on convincing the juries that both men were legally culpable for both murders.

cases be heard in federal court.

but the results were disastrous.

Attorney Joseph Morrison, a

fierce prosecutor who wanted

both defendants to suffer the

He ran up against U.S.

death penalty.

Flannigan won his argument,

Two more trials were held. Goodwin was convicted and given a death sentence, but Stewart, thanks to a single juror who couldn't abide capital punishment, was sentenced to life in a federal penitentiary in Atlanta.

Not content with letting Stewart live out his sentence, Morrison pulled an unprecedented legal maneuver and brought Stewart back from Atlanta to stand trial for killing Kibbe. This time Stewart, too, was sentenced to death.

This fifth and final trial produced an interesting side drama, a romance between prosecutor Morrison and Rose Kibbe, Fred's sister. Joe Morrison

The killers' executions were recounted in the book, Sheriff Thompson's Day, by Jess G.

Hayes, former Gila County superintendent of schools. Goodwin's hanging was originally scheduled for March 14, 1913, at the Gila County jail in Globe.

But Flannigan, racked with guilt at his legal gamble gone bad, scrambled to save his client's life by appealing directly to President Woodrow Wilson for executive clemency. Hours before the hanging was to occur, Wilson sent a telegram to Arizona, ordering a 60-day stay to study the issue.

With that delay, the fever of anticipation in Globe broke, and the tense deathwatch around the newly built gallows ended. But before the crowd dispersed, souvenir seekers practically carried the gallows away in pieces.

The execution was carried out as soon as the stay was over. Goodwin's last request to Flannigan was to be hanged wearing oxford shoes, new trousers, a white shirt with a black necktie, and a red rose on his breast.

"Pin it on my shirt so it won't fall off when I make the drop," Goodwin told his lawyer. "Bury me with it on."

Flannigan pinned on the rose, then Goodwin took the 13 steps to the gallows' platform two at a time. At the top he saw that his executioner was a local bill collector named Bill Cunningham, who was hired to spring the trapdoor, for a reported \$50, by a fainthearted U.S. marshal and his deputy. Before dropping to his death, Goodwin cussed out the two absent federal lawmen for lacking the guts to do their job.

Stewart died in the same spot a year later, on May 29. 1914, also at the hand of hangman Cunningham. Stewart, too, was angry that the federal lawmen were absent. He confronted Cunningham on the gallows, saying, "I'll meet you in hell, and before you come to be

reservation, with only white men involved, his clients had later married Rose Kibbe. been convicted illegally by the trials in Territorial court. The law required that the

with me, I hope you choke to death."

Writers have made frequent note that Cunningham, many years later, died from throat cancer. The amateur executioner probably lived with Stewart's words rattling through his brain, and defense attorney Flannigan no doubt suffered the knowledge that if he would have let

matters stand following the first trials, his clients would have remained alive, perhaps as free men after serving long terms.

Oddly, Stewart was executed for killing Kibbe, and Goodwin for killing Hillpot, when the evidence was overwhelming that it happened the other way around. But the strangest twist to these

murders was the explanation of the killers that their terrible violence and blood lust stemmed from a dispute over a dog.

Adapted from the book *Manhunts & Massacres*, volume 2 in the Wild West Collection published by *Arizona Highways* Books.



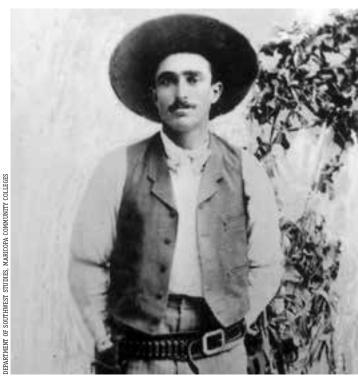
Inept Bandits Have a Blast

BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

wo would-be Arizona train robbers named Joe George and Grant Wheeler twice tried to rob the same Southern Pacific train and failed miserably both times.

On January 30, 1895, they stopped the train near Willcox and climbed into the express car, carrying with them a few sticks of dynamite to blow the safe. They ignored several sacks filled with Mexican silver pesos, figuring the real loot was in the safe. They tried twice to blow the safe door open before deciding to use the sacks of silver pesos for ballast. This time they used too much dynamite and blew the express car to pieces. The safe, now finally blasted open, turned out to be empty. The only real treasure had been the sacks of silver coins, which now were scattered all over creation. Wheeler and George rode away empty-handed.

Back in Willcox. local



Grant Wheeler

lawmen had a hard time raising enough men to form a posse. When the townspeople heard about the scattered pesos, they were much more interested in rushing out to the robbery site to gather coins than in chasing the two thwarted robbers.

A week later, Wheeler and George tried to rob the same train, this time near Doubtful Canyon.

"Well, here we are again," Wheeler said, grinning sheepishly at the crew.

The bandits told the crew to separate the train engine and express car from the mail and passenger cars. Then they forced the engineer to drive the engine and express car a mile or so down the track to where the dynamite was stashed.

Wheeler and George failed to notice, however, that the train crew had mistakenly brought the mail car instead of the express car. In disgust, the two robbers set off their dynamite anyway and rode off, empty-handed once again.

Adapted from the book *The Law* of the Gun, volume 4 in the Wild West Collection published by *Arizona Highways* Books.



Newspapers Poke Fun at Arizona Territory

BY LEO W. BANK

n the late 1800s and early 1900s, panning Arizona was the thing to do, almost a national sport for newspapers on both coasts and some in between.

Editors and writers, then as now, were not independent thinkers. They reflected majority opinion, so when wild tales of the Territory were written and spoken—once, twice, a hundred times—they were accepted as true.

The slander not only twisted the truth, but took the most blatant lies and published them as news. If the article was about Arizona, it seemed, newspaper readers would believe just about anything. For example, The New York Tribune, in its day one of the nation's most influential papers, published a lengthy article describing a gunfight in Big Hat, Arizona, which is not, the paper stressed, "one of those places which tries to ape the effete ways of the East." The article described two prominent citizens meeting to settle a dispute:

"Pulling their weapons, each principal seized a Chinaman by the pigtail, got behind him and holding him securely in position, blazed away. A dozen shots were exchanged, but neither combatant was injured."

The body of the *Tribune* story, published March 26, 1893, consisted of various editorial comments and satirical speculations about the

reported gunfight. The New York reporter wanted to know if Chinamen are so numerous on the streets of Big Hat that they're always within reach if someone decided to open fire? What about the deplorable situation of a large man so unfortunate as to get hold of a small man for protection?

The reporter concluded by wondering if Big Hat hadn't been settled by Eastern misanthropes tired of being victimized by the "big hats" sitting in front of them in the theater:

"Here [in Big Hat,
Arizona] they may have
formed a sort of colony,
named their town after the
common curse which
brought them low, and
now are engaged in trying
to kill one another off."

How clever. Imagine the typical reporter of the day, sitting amid the chaos of a New York newsroom, wearing spats and a noisy tie. Blue cigarette smoke curls in front of his pasty face. He yanks a pocket watch from his vest, calculates the time remaining before deadline, hears the desperate-for-copy roar of his editor, so loud it makes the scribbler's straw hat vibrate, and he begins to form his story.

He fills it with commonplace racial nonsense and even works in the local angle. The boss will love that, he thinks, as he dumps the finished pages on



his editor's desk, and off he goes for a boost at the tavern downstairs, never giving a a lar

That's right. Big Hat, Arizona, never existed, and no such gunfight ever took place. Some readers might have figured that out, some not. The newspaper story played the hoax straight as a renegade's arrow.

second thought to the fictional

incident he has created

The trashing of Arizona
Territory often happened just
that way — capricious,
arbitrary, based on whim and
stereotype by men who

probably had never been West and couldn't find Arizona with a lantern.

Once formed, the wave was unstoppable, and what essentially was the same story was told again and again, only with different characters and circumstances. Such an approach was much easier than thinking.

Adapted from the book Rattlesnake Blues: Dispatches From A Snakebit Territory, volume 8 in the Wild West Collection published by Arizona Highways Books.



The Two Worlds of Cesario Lucero

BY LEO W. BANKS

esario Lucero, one of the best lawmen of the borderlands, lived in a world of shadows. His territory was the border between Mexico and Arizona, and his time was the 1880s.

In this violent border world, a place of two languages, two cultures and serpentine allegiances, Lucero performed brilliantly and anonymously. He was never quoted, never featured and rarely credited.

Only toward the end of his life was he praised as the best Mexican detective in the Southwest. But by then, the criminals he hunted, his own countrymen, had marked him as a traitor deserving assassination.

Lucero was called upon by Cochise County Sheriff Jerome L. Ward after the Bisbee Massacre of 1883. The trouble started on a cold December day when five gunmen botched their attempt to rob the Goldwater and Castaneda Mercantile on Main Street. Five bystanders, including a pregnant woman and her unborn baby, died as a result of the shooting that accompanied the bandits' getaway. Two of the bandits—W.E. "Bill" Delaney and Dan Dowd—rode toward John Slaughter's ranch near Douglas, then picked up the smuggler's route south into Mexico.

Deputy Billy Daniels and Lucero reportedly trailed them to the old Spanish town of Bavispe, Sonora. The fugitives separated there and so did the lawmen, with Daniels going after Dowd and Lucero taking Delaney.

It was perilous work.
Delaney was a hot-tempered
27-year-old from Pennsylvania,
considered the most dangerous
man in the gang. Writer Harriet
Hankin, in a typescript about
the massacre on file at the



With his ability to read the whispers and rumors that ran through the Mexican neighborhoods and towns on both sides of the border, Lucero surely knew he was a marked man.

Arizona Historical Society, described him as "a dark, agile man of medium height, vicious and aggressive in disposition, reputed to be a dead shot with a rifle."

Delaney was on the run from

a murder charge in Graham County at the time. He'd shot a man through the heart for interfering in his quarrel with a Mexican woman.

After separating from Dowd, Hankin wrote, Delaney "simply disappeared, and for a while no trace of him could be found."

But Lucero never lost the scent. He dogged his prey deep into Sonora over several hundred miles. He passed out handbills containing a description of Delaney in the villages and to Mexican police.

His diligence paid off when, according to Hankin, Delaney's "ugly temper overcame his discretion," and he got involved in a saloon brawl in Minas Prietas, near Hermosillo. Mexican police thought they recognized him from the handbills and took him in. He was the last of the robbers arrested, and all of them died at the end of a rope.

Even though Delaney's capture might never have occurred without Lucero's knowledge of Mexico, the deputy was largely absent from the congratulatory press accounts of the day. He remained in the background on other occasions as well.

On May 11, 1888, several masked men held up a train at Agua Zarca, Mexico, 12 miles south of Nogales. They coldly killed the conductor and brakeman and wounded several others before fleeing into Arizona.

One of them, an Anglo

named J.J. Taylor, was arrested within hours after investigators found his hat at the scene. The remaining four, all Mexicans, vanished somewhere in southern Arizona.

Over the next month,
Cochise County Sheriff John
Slaughter pursued the
murderers from Fairbank to
Willcox, Clifton and
Tombstone. It was an arduous
and frustrating chase. The men
kept moving, taking and
shedding names like clothing,
and using friends, family and
their knowledge of the terrain
to stay ahead of the law.

Early in June, after spending a night in Tombstone, two of the robbers, Manuel Robles and another known in some accounts as Nievas Deron, left for the Whetstone Mountains, west of town. Robles' brother, Guadalupe, worked there as a woodcutter.

Lucero, along with Slaughter and Deputy Burt Alvord, followed close behind, and came upon the fugitives at Mescal Springs at dawn the morning of June 6.

"When within some 80 yards of the camp," reported the (Tucson) *Arizona Daily Star*, "they all removed their shoes and proceeded in their stocking feet. When they came to the men they found them lying by a fire wrapped in their blankets. The sheriff ordered them to throw up their hands and surrender."

But the fugitives woke up firing. So did Guadalupe Robles,

whose only crime was his blood relation to Manuel. The *Star* reported that Guadalupe was killed almost instantly, "with a Colt .45 in his hand, full cocked, ready to shoot."

Nievas Deron fled some 40 feet up a nearby hill, dodging behind trees and firing as he ran. But Slaughter brought him down with a fatal charge of buckshot. Manuel Robles ran down French Joe Canyon with Lucero, Alvord and Slaughter at his back.

"It was a running fight," the *Star* reported, "and as Alvord was without shoes, the Mexican escaped." But not before he'd been hit by two rounds from Slaughter's shotgun and a third from Alvord's Winchester rifle.

Robles fell after each wound, but kept getting back up and running. The lawmen trailed him for more than two miles by the blood that flowed from his wounds, but he got away. The sheriff boasted that Robles wouldn't live long.

Much of the credit for the successful routing of the murderers went to Slaughter.

"It is not every county that has a sheriff brave enough to walk over the mountains in his bare feet to capture desperate criminals," reported the *Tombstone Prospector*.

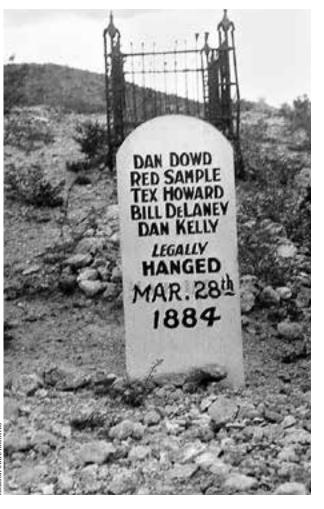
But Lucero, whose knowledge of the back alleys of Mexican Tombstone was key to the pursuit, finally got some recognition, too, when the *Prospector* paid tribute to his "coolness, bravery and shrewdness" in the shoot-out.

Unfortunately for Lucero,
Slaughter was wrong in
predicting Manuel Robles'
death. The killer survived his
wounds, reunited with two
more of the gang — Fredrico
Acuna and Geronimo Miranda
(or Baldon, depending on the
account) — and swore revenge
against Lucero.

With his ability to read the whispers and rumors that ran

through the Mexican neighborhoods and towns on both sides of the border, Lucero surely knew he was a marked man. But he pushed the threats aside and stayed on the trail of the Agua Zarca killers. It turned watching. The *Citizen* gave the following account of what happened on Sunday, August 12, 1888:

"Manuel was seen on Saturday night near the Mescal Ranch. On Sunday morning,



The marker for Dowd and his gang at Tombstone's Boot Hill

out that they were tracking him, too.

Early in August, Lucero departed Tombstone for the Mescal Ranch in the San Jose Mountains, a short distance south of the Arizona border. The *Arizona Weekly Citizen* reported that he went "with the idea of entering into the business of buying and selling mescal [a liquor made from agaves]."

Lucero was unaware that Manuel, in company with Acuna and Miranda, was Lucero went to the creek which runs through the ranch about two hundred yards distant from the house. He went unarmed, leaving his rifle at the house, not expecting any danger.

"After washing himself he sauntered back, but had proceeded but a few yards when the crack of a rifle shot was heard, quickly followed by a second report, and Lucero was seen to fall in his tracks.

"Two men were seen to run away after convincing themselves that their victim was dead. They were recognized as Fredrico [Acuna] and Geronimo [Miranda], two of the train robbers, for which a large reward is offered, but up to the present time have evaded arrest or a more merited death.

"On examination of the body of the murdered man, it was found that he had received two bullet wounds, both in the head. Death must have been instantaneous."

A somewhat different version was told in *The Southwest of John H. Slaughter*, by Allen A. Erwin. He wrote that Lucero was tracking Geronimo Miranda that day, on orders from Slaughter.

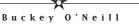
Erwin also recounted, in what might be more folklore than fact, that when Miranda approached Lucero at the stream, the outlaw was "smiling as if greeting a brother" when he said, "I understand you are after me." Lucero was shot dead before he could reply.

In death, Lucero received the full acclaim that eluded him in life. The *Tombstone Epitaph* for August 25 wrote that "few better, and no braver, men than Cesario Lucero ever met death at the hands of cowardly assassins."

Public demands for retribution against Miranda became intense, even though it was never firmly established that he was the actual triggerman. He proved a formidable adversary for Slaughter, who chased him for two more years without success.

Geronimo Miranda finally met his end, in June 1891, when he was gunned down by ranchers near Benson after stealing some horses. Fredrico Acuna and Manuel Robles escaped and were never heard from again.

Adapted from the book Manhunts & Massacres, volume 2 in the Wild West Collection published by Arizona Highways Books





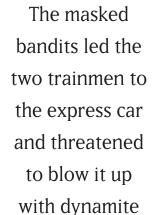
Buckey O'Neill

A POSSE CAPTURES THE CANYON DIABLO TRAIN ROBBERS

BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

istory, romantic folklore and bizarre coincidences mix together to make this tale. Years after a train robbery, legendary Sheriff Buckey O'Neill and one of the bandits he caught died on the same battlefield, fighting for the same cause.

Buckey O'Neill was one of the most remarkable characters to ride in the cavalcade of



if the messenger

inside refused to

open the door.

Arizona history. He earned his nickname from his inclination to "buck the tiger" or bet against the house in faro. A dashing figure, he stood about 6 feet tall and had dark brown hair and a stylish mustache. Women loved his handsome looks, infectious smile and

wit. He had a vibrant, magnetic personality that inspired loyalty and devotion from men and women alike.

He also had a strong sense of justice and would fight readily for a just cause. And, as the four who pulled the 1889 train robbery would learn, he had the tenacity of a bulldog.

O'Neill was only 19 when he rode into Phoenix on a burro in 1879. He was a printer or typesetter.

Six years later in Prescott, he started a small livestock newspaper, the *Hoof and Horn*. He cut a colorful swath along "Whiskey Row," made friends easily and liked politics. In 1886, he was elected probate judge. Two years later, he was elected sheriff of Yavapai County. O'Neill had been in office just three months when the sensational train robbery at Canyon Diablo occurred.

It seemed that for casehardened Hashknife cowpunchers Dan Harvick, Jack J. Smith, Bill Sterin and Iohn Halford the northern Arizona winter of 1888-89 would never end. Day after day. they gazed across that windswept plateau, impatiently waiting for spring roundup. Like it did to most cowhands, the winter hibernation and riding the grub line made them surly. They all were broke and reduced to playing cards with dried-up beans for stakes.

With life so tedious, Harvick began to think of easier, more exciting ways to make money. He came up with a plan to rob a train. He shared his plan with the other three, then quietly drew his pay and rode out.

He camped that night in Box



William O. "Buckey" O'Neill

Canyon with the wind howling and blowing freezing sleet.

Next morning, huddled over a small fire, he watched a lone rider approach. He nodded stiffly as J.J. Smith came riding in. In a couple of days, as expected, Sterin and Halford also appeared.

The four desperados spent the next few hours huddled around a blazing fire, their backsides to the bitter cold while they made plans to rob the eastbound Santa Fe at Canyon Diablo two days hence. Then they set out.

To cover their trail, they rode south towards the Mogollon Rim, turned west, and then circled around to the north.
Along the way, they made a costly mistake by burglarizing Will Barnes' ranch at the mouth of Box Canyon, where the Chevelon River forks with the Little Colorado River.

Barnes and his friend, Bill Broadbent, picked up the thieves' trail and followed the tracks toward Winslow. Just outside of town, the tracks veered west toward Sunset Pass. The two cowpunchers knew they couldn't follow the trail in the dark, so they rode into Winslow for the night.

Meanwhile, the outlaws picked their way through the rocks and brush until they reached the steel rails of the Santa Fe's main line. The four men followed the tracks until they caught the orange glow of a lamp in the window of the tiny train station. They reined in their horses, dismounted, built a small fire and waited for the train.

That night, March 20, 1889, engineer Charles Wood eased the Santa Fe Eastbound No. 2 across the spindly trestle over Canyon Diablo. The train was but a short distance from the station at Canyon Diablo where the crew would take on water and fill up the wood box before going on to Winslow, 25 miles away. Wood stared at the face of his pocket watch. It was a few minutes before 11 P.M.

At 11 o'clock sharp, Wood throttled down the locomotive at the Canyon Diablo station. The fireman, lantern in hand, climbed down the ladder. A

light snow was falling, turning the ground white. From the darkness, a voice ordered him to lift his arms. The fireman looked up to see two men, their faces masked with neckerchiefs, pointing pistols at his chest. A moment later, he saw three men walking toward him. The one in the middle was engineer Wood. Two grizzled, hard-looking men carrying six-guns walked on either side of him.

The masked bandits led the two trainmen to the express car and threatened to blow it up with dynamite if the messenger inside refused to open the door. The fireman pounded on the door and identified himself. They heard the bolt slide back. The door opened, and messenger E.G. Knickerbocker stuck his head out. A step away from him was a Wells Fargo sawed-off shotgun, but the messenger wisely surrendered.

The outlaws fired several warning shots to keep the curious passengers from leaving their cars. And, just for devilment, one bandit fired a shot into the wall of the station house, sending the agent scurrying for cover.

J.J. Smith and Dan Harvick climbed into the car and ordered the messenger to open the safe. Knickerbocker claimed it was on a time lock set by Santa Fe officials and he couldn't open it. Smith then motioned with his pistol toward the Wells Fargo box and told Knickerbocker to empty its contents.

The two outlaws stuffed their pockets with valuables and rejoined Sterin and Halford, who still were holding their guns on the fireman and engineer. The bandits forced the two trainmen to walk with them to where their horses were picketed. After the four bandits were mounted, they let the trainmen go. A few minutes later, the locomotive was racing toward Winslow



A Santa Fe train crossing at Canyon Diablo

with its whistle blowing.

Snow continued to fall as the four train robbers rode south a few miles, then halted to build a fire and divvy up the spoils. The loot came to about \$7,000 in cash along with some jewelry. Any jewelry that might be recognized was buried to be retrieved later. (The jewelry was never recovered and likely remains where it was cached.)

Smith's share of the loot included a pair of diamond earrings. He took the diamonds out of their settings and put them in his pocket. Later, he reached in for some tobacco dregs to fill his pipe and accidentally dropped in the

diamonds, too. Later, he knocked the ashes out of the pipe bowl on his boot heel and the diamonds were lost.

In Winslow, Will Barnes had gone to the railroad station and telegraphed authorities in Holbrook about the burglary at his ranch. Then he and Broadbent headed for a local hotel to get some sleep before resuming the chase. About midnight, they were awakened by the dispatcher, who told them about the train robbery.

Barnes and Broadbent loaded their horses on a stock car and headed for Canyon Diablo. On arriving, they found horse tracks that matched the ones at the ranch. One of the horses had been shod with the toe out of line. Another had three nails on the inside of the shoe instead of the usual four. Still another had been shod with a secondhand shoe, causing the nail heads to protrude.

From the descriptions and prints, Barnes was pretty sure he knew the identities of two of the train robbers.

He and Broadbent found the spot where the outlaws had stopped to divide the loot. Barnes found some torn Wells Fargo envelopes, a five-dollar gold piece, and silver coins that the robbers had evidently lost in their haste.

The bandits tried to cover their tracks with a variety of means. They tied bits of saddle blankets to their horses' hooves. They fell in with a herd of wild range mares and drove them for a distance. And they rode through dry, rocky washes. But the two stubborn trackers kept cutting trail until they picked up the shod tracks again.

Barnes and Broadbent followed the outlaws' trail south for several miles before it bent around to the north and crossed the railroad tracks about 15 miles west of Winslow. By this time, their horses were about played out. Barnes suspected the train robbers were headed for Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River.

The two trackers rode on to Lee's Ferry, where they were disappointed to be told the outlaws had not crossed the river at that point. But the fugitives had crossed without the ferryboat operator seeing them. They had bribed a man to cross on the ferry and camp for the night. Then, when the ferryman went to sleep, the man stole the boat and brought the desperados and their horses across under cover of darkness.

At Lee's Ferry, Barnes and



The Canyon Diablo posse: (from left) Carl Holton, Jim Black, Buckey O'Neill and Ed St. Clair

Broadbent were met by Sheriff O'Neill and a posse from Prescott. The two weary cowmen then rode back to Holbrook.

O'Neill and Deputy Jim
Black had been in Flagstaff
when word came of the train
robbery. They were joined by
special Deputy Ed St. Clair of
Flagstaff and Carl Holton, a
detective for the Santa Fe. The
posse left for Canyon Diablo
on the morning of March 22,
1889. By then—two days after
the robbery—a \$4,000 reward
had been posted.

They picked up the outlaws' trail and followed it north to Lee's Ferry. During the chase, the posse dispatched a Navajo courier to alert communities in Utah to be on the lookout for the fugitives. (By the late 1880s, sheriffs were appointed U.S. deputy marshals, allowing them to cross county, state or territorial lines in pursuit of outlaws.)

Word of the four fugitives had reached residents of the little Mormon community of Cannonville. Utah. located in the valley just east of Bryce Canyon. Not long after, the four men rode into town. The Mormons treated them with reserved kindness, fed them and offered them a place to sleep. The four hard-looking strangers cautiously accepted the hospitality and settled in for the night. While the trailweary train robbers were sleeping, the local constable, along with a posse of farmers, got the drop on them—briefly. Somehow, I.I. Smith was able to turn the tables. He nabbed the constable, who then told his band to throw down their guns. The outlaws then took supplies, fired a few indignant shots in the air, and changing directions to confuse the posse—turned back toward Wahweap Canyon and Lee's Ferry.

Sheriff O'Neill and his posse rode into Cannonville a short



Hashknife cowboys in Holbrook

time after the outlaws had fled. Finding them gone, the posse put spurs to their horses and rode hard into the night. At Wahweap Canyon, the posse found fresh tracks and warm campfire ashes. Nearby was a steer carcass. They followed the

charged toward the lawmen.

O'Neill jacked the lever on his Winchester and brought down Smith's horse. With that, bullets began buzzing around like hornets. One shot hit O'Neill's horse between the eyes. The animal went down,



Fearing the death penalty,
three of the outlaws
pleaded guilty
in exchange for
prison sentences.
On June 5, 1889,
each of the three marauders
was sentenced
to 25 years at the
Yuma Territorial Prison.

tracks up the canyon and spotted Smith, acting as lookout.

Unwittingly, the outlaws had boxed themselves in.
Surrounded on three sides by steep cliffs, they spurred their mounts and

pinning the sheriff to the ground for a few nervous moments. The furious gunfire frightened the outlaws' horses, causing them to stampede into the brush. Now the gang was afoot.

Halford and Sterin were

captured, but Smith and Harvick made a run for it. They leaped over a bluff and bounced down to the canyon floor. The two were able to dodge the lawmen the rest of that day and through the night, crawling through brush and over rocky crevasses. Finally, they arrived at a small watering hole, footsore, thirsty and tired.

They bathed their swollen feet in the cool water and were about to leave when a shot crashed into a rock, peppering them with pieces of granite. Weary and dispirited, the two outlaws surrendered. By this time, the lawmen had been in the saddle for three weeks and 600 miles.

Fearing the death penalty, three of the outlaws pleaded guilty in exchange for prison sentences. On June 5, 1889, each of the three marauders was sentenced to 25 years at the Yuma Territorial Prison. But they got out after just a few years behind bars. Dan Harvick was released on Christmas Day, 1896. John Halford and Bill Sterin were freed nearly a year later, on November 1, 1897.

J.J. Smith, who had escaped while being returned to Arizona, was brought to trial in November 1889. He pleaded guilty and received a 30-year sentence—the extra five years were added for his escape.

Nonetheless, Smith was freed before the others. He was pardoned and released from prison on August 13, 1893, on condition that he leave Arizona and not come back.

As for Bill Sterin, he enlisted in the First United States Volunteer Cavalry—the Rough Riders—when war broke out with Spain in 1898. So did Buckey O'Neill. Both bandit and sheriff were killed in the Battle of San Juan Hill.

Adapted from the book *The Law* of the Gun, volume 4 in the Wild West Collection published by *Arizona Highways* Books.



Geronimo's Cattle

A STOLEN HERD VANISHES

BY SHARON S. MAGEE

N MAY 1883, Geronimo promised Gen. George Crook he'd round up his far-flung people and bring them from Mexico to the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona.

By October, Crook began wondering if Geronimo had stood him up. Crook sent Lt. Britton Davis to the border with some scouts to escort the errant Chiricahua Apache to the reservation and protect him from the up-in-arms ranchers and miners.

Finally, a ragged line of Apaches straggled across the border. Geronimo rode up to Davis and said he had made peace with the whites. So why was an escort needed? Davis explained that he was concerned only about some drunken white men who might try to harm them. Geronimo grudgingly accepted his explanation and shook hands, Davis said.

Davis then asked about a dust cloud, thinking Mexican soldiers were on their trail.

"Gando," Geronimo said.
"Cattle." He had stolen 135
head of Mexican livestock for
trading on the reservation.

This alarmed Davis. Driving cattle meant the Apaches and soldiers had to go slowly and follow main routes, where they could find feed and water but also face greater threat. But Geronimo refused to leave the herd. Knowing that any dispute could send the wary Chiricahuas back into Mexico, Davis agreed to let the herd come along.

Geronimo asked to rest the



Geronimo

animals for three days. Davis agreed to one. To Geronimo's complaints, Davis replied that the Mexicans could still cross the border after him.

Davis said that Geronimo growled, "Mexicans! My women can whip all the Mexicans in Chihuahua."

But Geronimo, Davis said, was low on ammunition.

Again Geronimo harrumphed, "I fight [Mexicans] with rocks and keep my cartridges to fight the white soldiers."

The next day they started, making 18 to 20 miles a day. But at Sulphur Springs, Geronimo said he would go no farther until his cattle had rested. If Davis wanted to go on ahead, fine, but he would stay. Davis agreed to just one day's respite

They camped at a ranch with

a small house. Before supper, two civilians strolled out of the ranch house. One told Davis he was the U.S. marshal for the Southern District of Arizona. The other was the customs collector from Nogales, Arizona Territory. They had come to arrest Geronimo and his men for the murder of Arizona citizens and to confiscate the cattle. The marshal told Davis, "I order you to arrest them and take them with their smuggled stock to Tucson for trial."

Davis replied that he obeyed orders only from General Crook.

"I am going to have those Indians," the marshal told Davis, "and then I am going to see that you answer to the federal court for your refusal to obey my order."

Fuming, Davis stayed outwardly cool. Then, a friend and fellow officer that Davis had invited to the ranch, J.Y.F. "Bo" Blake, rode in from Fort Bowie. Blake outranked Davis and ordered him to remain at the ranch. If Geronimo would move out with the cattle, Blake would escort him.

The challenge was to get Geronimo to move without alerting the two civilian authorities. "The plan looked simple," Davis later wrote. "So does flying."

After supper, Davis and Blake joined the civilians, offering to share Blake's good Scotch whisky— and making sure the civilians drank most of it. When the officials said good night, the marshal bedded down on the porch, giving the

two officers a moment of despair. Upon hearing their snores, though, Davis sent a scout to awaken Geronimo.

Soon scouts and warriors surrounded Geronimo, Davis and Blake. Davis told the Apache leader he should start immediately for the reservation, that the two men had come to collect \$1,000 for the cattle. If Geronimo refused to pay, the civilian officials would simply take the livestock to Tucson for sale.

Geronimo angrily said he was going back to bed. He had come in peace and had found nothing but trouble. Let them try to take his cattle. He intended to stay. "Then he contemptuously demanded to know why I had disturbed him for a trivial talk that meant nothing." Davis said.

A sergeant of scouts stepped up. "He was of a tribe hostile to the Chiricahua, and he hated Geronimo from the depths of his soul," Davis later wrote in his book, *The Truth About Geronimo*.

The scout spoke rapidly to Geronimo. The situation became so tense that interpreter Mickey Free dared not speak, so Davis never knew what the scout had said, but Geronimo became subdued.

Davis took advantage of the change and of Geronimo's pride. Knowing the Apaches "could leave me standing where I was and I would not know that they were gone," such was their skill at swift, silent desert travel, Davis gibed that the

Apaches probably couldn't get away undetected anyway. He added what a good joke it would be if the officials awoke in the morning to find all Apaches and cattle gone. Something like a smile appeared on Geronimo's face.

Davis sent the pack train on its way. When he returned to the house, every Apache had disappeared.

Kaywaykla, an Apache boy who understood some English. later told the story from the Apaches' view: "If any people knows how to be quiet it is the

Apache. We . . . got everything ready to move. It did not take 10 minutes. Not a dog barked. Not a baby cried. We tied children's feet together under the bellies of the horses. We tied small children to adults. . . At first we moved slowly, very slowly . . . because of the cattle. But after we got out of hearing, we put boys with lances to keep the cattle moving, and we made time."

Near the house, Davis sat on a box and held his mule's bridle in one hand. As the sun rose, the marshal stirred and

sat up. He looked around. Stunned, he jumped up and called his friend. Still in underwear and bare feet, the two climbed to the roof, scanning the countryside through binoculars. Not an Apache, not a single stray calf, not even a puff of dust in sight.

The two angry men confronted Davis. He shrugged, cattle, to reservation officials. explaining that during the night Blake, as his superior officer, had taken charge of the Apaches. He had moved them and the cattle out. Where he had taken them Davis didn't

know, but he guessed they were at least 40 miles away by now.

"You are lying," the furious marshal accused.

"Perhaps I am, but you can't prove it," Davis said, smiling.

Riding hard, Davis caught up with Blake and the Apaches two days later, and he soon delivered the entire band, with

Adapted from the book Geronimo!: Stories of an American Legend, volume 11 in the Wild West Collection published by Arizona Highways



On-trial Cattle Rustler 'Alters' the Evidence

BY LEO W. BANKS

ufus Nephew, or Climax Jim, as he was called, for his favorite brand of chewing tobacco, was a notorious crook and cattle rustler throughout eastern Arizona in the 1890s.

In addition to his genius with a running iron — a kind of branding iron that could obliterate original brands and imprint a new one — his particular skill was removing handcuffs and leg irons and picking locks. He possessed such ability as a frontier Houdini that no jail could hold him for long.

"Climax Jim is the most slippery bird in the Southwest," said the Solomonville Bulletin.

But his most creative work came in a Graham County courtroom. After rustling some cattle and expertly altering the brands, Jim brought his booty to a mine company butcher in Clifton. He got a check for the beef, but was unhappy with the



Rustler Rufus Nephew, a.k.a. Climax Jim

amount. So he altered it to raise removed some tobacco. He his pay to what he considered a fair number.

Knowing that Jim's rebranding work was too expert to win on a rustling charge, the district attorney went after him for check forgery. It looked as if the law would finally win its first conviction against the notorious Climax. When the prosecutor pulled out the check and had it introduced as evidence, Jim elbowed his counsel and told him to object.

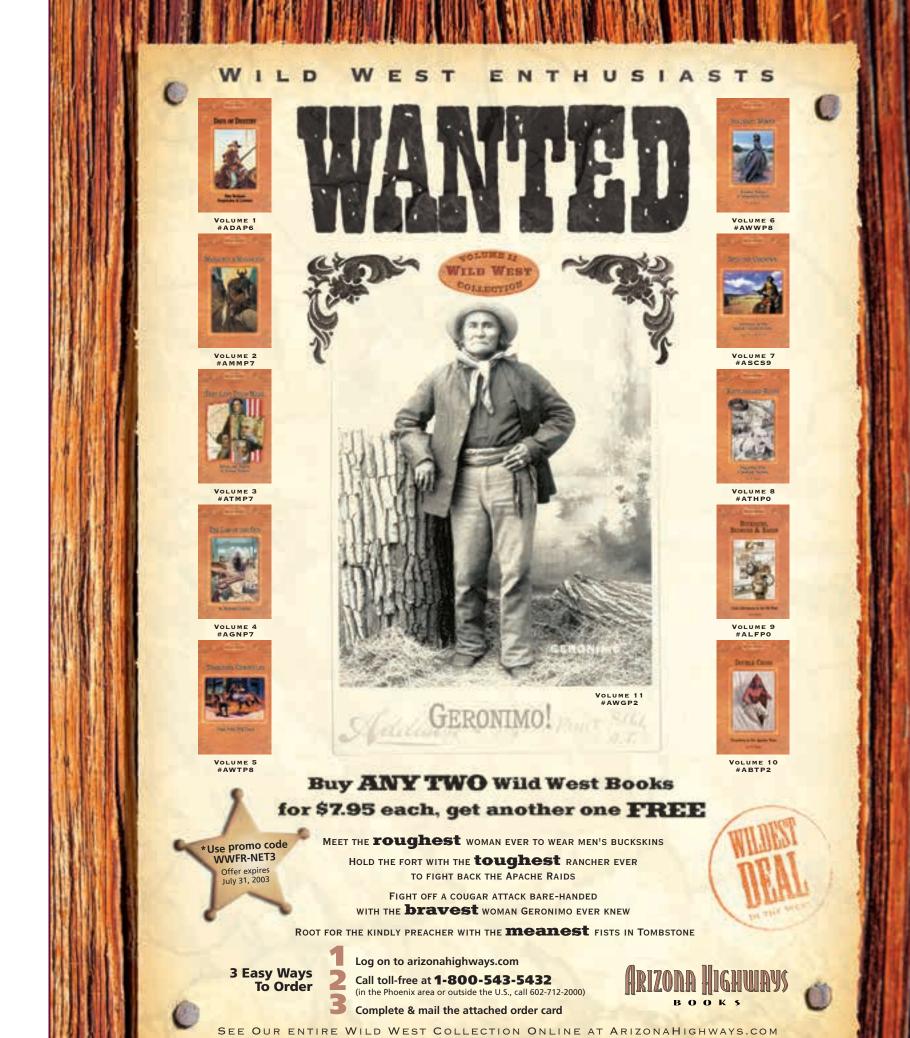
The young lawyer bounced to his feet, and a vigorous argument ensued. In order to fully engage in the debate, the prosecutor put the check on a table in front of the defendant. Amid all the shouting, Jim reached into his shirt and

loaded up on a plug and put the tobacco bag down on the check.

A moment later, he grabbed the bag, with the check stuck to the bottom. He returned the bag inside his shirt, but with his fingers concealed, he balled the check up, leaned over and spit into the spittoon beside his chair, and as he straightened up, he slipped the only evidence against him into his mouth and ate it.

The judge ruled the check admissible, but by then, its remnants were sailing through Jim's digestive system. Case dismissed.

Adapted from the book Rattlesnake Blues: Dispatches From A Snakebit Territory, volume 8 in the Wild West Collection published by Arizona Highways Books.



40 JULY 2003 arizonahighways.com



SLAVE-DRIVING ANTS ON A MISSION TO SURVIVE One parasitic colony subjugates Another for a mutually happy life

text and photographs by HOWARD TOPOFF

n 1865, the Thirteenth Amendment to the U.S.

Constitution was ratified, abolishing slavery in America, but the ant world took little

Slavery among ants may be one of the most unusual forms of social behavior to have evolved, but workers of the species *Polyergus breviceps* — which are all female — live exclusively on slave labor and would die without workers of the *Formica gnava* species to take care of them. I spend my summers conducting field research in the Chiricahua

Mountains of southeastern Arizona, where each afternoon I wait for an ant to emerge from her subterranean nest.

That's right, I'm waiting for one ant, but she's no ordinary creature. The colony's survival depends on this single ant — called a scout — who has one Herculean mission: to emerge from her nest, travel up to 150 yards, search under rocks and leaf litter for a disguised subterranean nest of *E gnava* ants, find her way home, and then lead about 2,000 pumped-up *P. breviceps* workers on a slave

raid back to the F. gnava nest. A slave raid?

The workers of *P. breviceps* have lost the ability to forage for food, feed their brood or queen, or even clean their own nest. To compensate for these deficits, *P. breviceps* have become specialized at obtaining workers from the related genus *F. gnava* to do these

chores for them. This is accomplished by the slave raid, in which *P. breviceps* penetrate the *F. gnava* nest and capture the resident's pupal brood. Back at the *P. breviceps* nest, the kidnapped brood is raised, and the emerging *F. gnava* workers then assume all responsibility for maintaining the permanent, mixed-species nest. They forage for food and regurgitate it to colony members of both species.

To better understand the evolution of social parasitism in ants, I have focused on the bizarre way in which P. breviceps queens establish new colonies. For example, free-living (that is, nonparasitic) ants have a straightforward process of colony-founding by queens. After a mating flight, an inseminated female excavates a chamber, lays a few eggs and then nourishes her larvae with stored nutrients. When the first brood matures into adult ants, these workers feed the queen and the larvae of her subsequent broods.

But this sequence will not work for a parasitic queen ant such as P. breviceps, because she is, after all, a parasite. She can't feed herself, much less can she raise her own larvae. Her only recourse is to invade an F. gnava colony, kill the host queen and get the workers to accept her as their queen. The resident F. gnava workers will nurture the brood of the *P. breviceps* queen until her worker population is sufficiently large to supplement the slave force by staging raids on other *F*. gnava colonies.

Because colonies of *F. gnava* and newly mated *P. breviceps* queens are very easy to collect, I have been able to make detailed

observations of the takeover process in laboratory nests. Within seconds after being placed inside an *F. gnava* nest, the *P. breviceps* queen bolts for the *F. gnava* queen, literally pushing aside any *F. gnava* workers that

attempt to grab her. The *P breviceps* queen's two main defensive adaptations are powerful mandibles for biting her attackers and a repellent chemical (pheromone) secreted from a gland in her abdomen.

With the worker opposition liquidated, the *P. breviceps* queen seizes and kills the *F. gnava*





[OPPOSITE PAGE] Two male suitors court the red queen of a slave-raiding *Polyergus breviceps* ant colony in southeastern Arizona. The males die soon after mating, while the queen invades a hapless *Formica gnava* ant colony. [TOP] A slave-making *P. breviceps* worker ant emerges from a raided colony carrying an *F. gnava* pupa.

[ABOVE] An unpigmented worker slave ant emerges from the pupal stage of development. When mature, she and other slaves will darken in color and assume all the tasks of the mixed-species colony.

queen. Immediately after the host queen's death, the *F. gnava* nest undergoes a remarkable transformation. The *F. gnava* workers approach the *P. breviceps* queen and start grooming her. The *P. breviceps* queen, in turn,

assembles any scattered *F. gnava* pupae into a neat pile and triumphantly stands on top of it. At this point, colony takeover is complete.

It has occurred to me that this abrupt appropriation of the colony could be accomplished by what I call a "chemical heist." The *P. breviceps* queen would acquire *F. gnava*

queen chemicals during the very act of killing and licking her.

To test this idea, I repeated the study, but with a twist: To each laboratory nest, I added a dead F. gnava queen that had been frozen for five minutes, and then defrosted. The results were exactly as I had predicted. Upon entering the nest, the P. breviceps queen ran past the attacking workers, pounced on the motionless F. gnava queen and proceeded to bite and lick her, just as if she were alive. After about a half hour of working over the dead *F. gnava* queen, the P. breviceps queen was again promptly groomed by the F. gnava workers and permanently accepted as their new queen.

Christine Johnson, one of my students, has since confirmed that during the act of killing the *E gnava* queen, the *P breviceps* queen does acquire a "chemical cocktail" from the vanquished female

A common question is why don't the F. gnava slaves run away, perhaps back to their own nest. The answer is that these ants are not "enslaved" in the human sense. Their situation is more like that of "adopting a baby." Because they are snatched as pupae and raised in a P. breviceps colony, the F. gnava workers become imprinted with the odors of the host ants. In the subterranean world of ants, where vision is virtually useless, a family—even one that's composed of different species—is defined by an arsenal of chemicals that is secreted by the ants and applied to all nest mates.

In ants, you see, the family that sprays together, stays together.

Howard Topoff is professor emeritus of biopsychology at Hunter College of the City University of New York. He lives in Portal and continues his research on social insect behavior at the American Museum of Natural History Southwestern Research Station.



that for him, "It is the challenge, the chance to grapple with the physical and mental obstacles of the natural world." Good answer.

Outdoorsman Daryl Willmarth, a longtime friend, occasional river boatman and backpacker, says it's simple: He sees backpacking as a chance to "scratch, cuss, spit, stink and grunt unimpeded as real men, and liberated women, are wont to do." Who could argue?

Yet the best answer may come from Maureen DeVeny, a Tucson hiker and riverrunner. She's not a hotshot backpacker, and when she does pack, she complains a lot. But, covertly, she loves it. DeVeny says backpacking allows her to be childlike again, just following her nose, listening to a little voice whispering, "Let's see where this goes." Simple as that.

Then again, Steck, Willmarth and DeVeny stayed at home for this expedition.

Four days are required to approach the base of the peak of Vishnu Temple. The first two days are killers, requiring rappels,



[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 44 AND 45] Viewed from Mather Point on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, a forest fire's smoke shrouds all but the knob atop Vishnu Temple, emerging above the Canyon's ridges. Author Gary Ladd and five other experienced climbers trekked to the base of Vishnu Temple to attempt the daunting ascent to its peak.

[ABOVE] Team member Mike Coltrin surveys Nevills Rapids from a rocky cliff.

[BELOW] A view from the North Rim exposes the craggy walls surrounding Vishnu Temple.





[ABOVE] Climbers Brenda Baker and Coltrin retreat from the cliff's edge above Hance Rapids.

bushwhacks along the Colorado River, nasty climbs and hairy descents. The third and fourth days are the opposite: embarrassingly easy, although not for Jacek Macias, Bob Kerry and Mike Coltrin, who scale irresistible buttes and cliffs along the way while the rest of us simply plod toward the next camp, hoarding our energy for Vishnu Temple and moleskin for our feet.

Kerry, a retired attorney, has written several climbing articles for *Arizona Highways*; Coltrin is a retired railroad worker. Both live in Tucson. Macias works as a quality control manager in a Chicago machine shop. As they walk along, all three shamelessly ogle every summit.

Finally, at the end of the sunny and hot fourth day, I wander alone along the floor of Vishnu Canyon. I come to a series of pools cradled in sandstone half a billion years old where, just beyond, Dave Baker and his sister, Brenda Baker, are setting up camp. Dave owns an outdoor equipment store in Tucson, and Brenda is a biochemist from San Diego. The three of us round out the climbing group.

The Vishnu Canyon spring becomes our

base of operations, a snug, watered haven from which we will aim for the summit.

It is quiet in camp this evening before tomorrow's summit attempt. The sky is clear, the air still. After dinner and conversation, we slip into our sleeping bags. Once more I'm struck by the privilege of sleeping on the floor of Grand Canyon, on the gravel and bedrock of the ancient Earth, looking back in time to the stars. No need of a roof. Not even the fabric of a tent. Breathing in and out with the wind is all that's required on this serene night.

When I was a boy in Rocky River, Ohio, I was for a while a church acolyte. Between duties at the beginning and end of the service, my sidekick and I explored the great building and its many annexes. We prowled through basements filled with abandoned pews, dusty storerooms and stairs leading to locked doors. There was even a labyrinthine route up into a tight, sweltering chamber where we could almost touch the great stained glass window. Every Sunday we probed a bit farther into unknown territory. And never once got caught. Now, as I try

to sleep at the foot of Vishnu Temple, it would appear that not even 40 years of misadventures have been sufficient to quell the urge to explore.

Dawn comes. After a quick breakfast, we leave our backpack gear by the pools but safeguard it from wind, rain and rodents. All of us but Kerry leave just after 7 A.M., moving fast with daypacks, each loaded with a gallon of water, food, maps, jackets and flashlights. (Kerry has chosen to climb 2,000 feet solo to the top of Krishna Shrine, another nearby peak. He is nursing a sore ankle, and he has scaled Vishnu before.)

We head up the canyon, climb up a steep talus slope, contour into a limestone ravine, scramble up the crevice to a saddle, take a break there, then begin a long journey up through the Supai Sandstone ledges.

Still climbing in the shade of the west-facing slope, we move up into the Hermit Shale and Coconino Sandstone. Tilting slabs of ancient desert sands blanket layers of old red mud.

Up higher, there's a maze of sandstone fins and chutes — closely spaced steep routes between towers of rock. This tangle of false leads thwarts many would-be climbers. For them, a shot at the summit slips out of reach as dead ends eat up the daylight. But both Coltrin and Macias have been here before, so the confusion of routes does us no harm.

On we climb to a narrow flat bench. Again we rest, this time in the sun, and the effect is not pleasant. As best we can, we hide next to rock outcrops and beneath our hats. Clouds loiter nearby but fail to intervene. No matter. The summit, now only 400 feet above us, comes into view. It softly sings our names.

The eastward view is staggering as we cross the flat platform of rock. There's Unkar Rapid, Tanner Canyon, Comanche Point. Then we begin another scramble, this one up a shaded ravine of cracks and chockstones. Ahead of us, Macias and Coltrin soon move out of sight. The Bakers and I stick together.

The ravine takes us close to the summit — this is good. But, once out of its confines, we're surprised at the altered demeanor of the sky. Black clouds gather — and this is bad. Just then, someone whoops from the top, Coltrin or Macias.

Two final obstacles block our way. Brenda, Dave, then I scale the first, a knobby cliff about 10 feet high. This places us on a narrow platform 3,300 feet above our camp, 5,000 feet above the Colorado, 20 feet below the summit.

The final pitch, already gained by the leaders, proves less tricky, but it's highly exposed. In other words, a misstep would be

arizonahighways.com ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 47





curtains. Coltrin lowers a rope and Brenda goes to the summit on belay.

I'm next. As I'm getting tied in, there's a flash and *BANG*. Lightning. A torrent of cussing comes cascading down from above. The three climbers on top dive into cracks and fissures. Down below, Dave and I cozy up to the cliff. It begins to rain.

We're surrounded by air and a lot of broken, pointy rocks. Every one of the pointy rocks, dozens of them, buzz with electricity. Together they sound like sizzling bacon, a sound and an image I find troubling. The rope in my hands hisses, and I drop it to the ground. Metal objects, wristwatches especially, crackle with electrical energy. I realize that neither Dave nor I may ever reach the summit of Vishnu Temple and that the three up there on top probably wish they weren't. Nothing is as I expected it would be. Dave and I listen while Macias continues to provoke the fates with back talk, his Polish accent adding an extra zest. Finally, he slides down the rope to join us at the foot of the cliff.

Close call. Dave says he felt an invisible shirt ripped from his bare arms. We all felt a "force field" pass by. We are now, like it or not, in that supernatural realm where the Titans play their games. Here on Vishnu Temple, today, our Earth is a magnificent and terrible game board.

In 15 minutes, the dark clouds have wandered away and the sizzling has stopped. Macias returns to the top, Coltrin and Brenda

[LEFT] Buckwheat blooms at the North Rim's Cape Royal. Vishnu Temple rises from the Canyon floor. [ABOVE] Summer monsoon clouds shoot bolts of lightning along the South Rim and shadow the Canyon beyond Vishnu Temple.

squirm out of their hidey-holes. I go up. Brenda climbs down. Dave comes up.

The summit is flat but highly fractured, only 6 or 8 feet wide and maybe 25 feet long. A climber's register glints from a rock cairn. As I sign in as a member of the 22nd ascent group, I ask myself, is this my last mark?

The still-spitting rain leaves welts on the register sheet as I write. Above us, a new set of ominous clouds drifts into position. In haste we take a few pictures and then scramble down.

The descent is like a tumble down a stupendous set of wrecked stair steps. Once again we feel like toddlers hardly able to cope with a world made for giants. Then there's another bolt. *BANG*. Missed again.

In a few hours, we're back in camp, trading tales with Kerry who has successfully climbed Krishna Shrine. We're all exhilarated although emotionally spent.

Yesterday morning we envisioned a leisurely lunch hour on the summit, surveying the rugged topography of eastern Grand Canyon in an all-encompassing view. But the lightning threat prohibited serious study. Mostly I remember my somewhat frantic picture-taking, my fear that the register sheets would blow from my hands out into space, and trying to imagine — from a bloodthirsty lightning bolt's point of view —

the attractiveness of my bald spot.

We are just 2.5 miles from Cape Royal, yet nearly two hard days are required to get us back to the Rim. We carry water from the Vishnu Canyon spring to a camp on a dry saddle beneath Angels Window. Straight above us, behind metal railings, we can make out clean and tidy tourists. For their consideration, Coltrin finds it fulfilling to boom out with his most authoritative heavenly voice, "PLEASE . . . STEP BACK . . . FROM THE RIM."

At 3 P.M., we, too, are just tourists on the Rim standing in the golden glow of quaking aspens in late September. But as I drive home through the dazzling trees, they seem overdone; my few minutes on the summit of mighty Vishnu has numbed and humbled normal passions.

Do I enjoy dodging lightning bolts? Of course not. But in our scuffle with inscrutable forces on that skyscraping peak, we held our own. I admit, we were lucky, but luck is an active partner in all endeavors. And, as Winston Churchill once observed, "Nothing in life is so exhilarating as to be shot at without result."

Over the years, Page-based Gary Ladd has climbed other Grand Canyon peaks, including Nankoweap Butte, The Battleship, Brahma Temple, Cheops Pyramid and Osiris Temple. None proved as memorable as Vishnu Temple.

arizonahighways.com

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 49

foraging for **ELLINGS**

Text by Kelly Tighe
Photographs by Marty Cordano

Mushroom Collectors Delight in a Tasty Find, but Shun the Toxic Kind

n a mist of raindrops filtering down through ponderosa pine, Douglas fir and aspen trees, we spread out with our assortment of wicker collecting-baskets, net bags and cardboard boxes. We were hunting wild lobsters on an August day in the forest near Big Lake, in the White Mountains of east-central Arizona.

"Here's one," someone called out. Voices echoed through the forest as we gathered round. It was a lobster all right—the brilliant "Day-Glo" orange color was unmistakable. It was a big one, heavy and solid and as large as

my hand, pushing up from its bed through the pine needles and leaves.

A knife blade flashed and the lobster was tossed into a collecting basket—along with oysters, hawk's wings, turkey tails, wood ears, chanterelles, king boletes, chicken of the woods and honey mushrooms—all wild edible fungi prized by members of the Arizona Mushroom Club.

More than 300 mushroom enthusiasts make up the Phoenix-based club. From senior citizens to families with toddlers, club



[OPPOSITE PAGE] During a summertime White Mountains trek, members of the Arizona Mushroom Club found an edible aspen bolete (left) among an unknown species, which wisely was not harvested for dinner. Experts advise refraining from eating any mushroom unless it is accurately identified as edible.

[CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT] Mushroom connoisseurs describe the cavernous yellow morel as having a pleasantly mild flavor. Although some species of coral fungi are edible, beware, as many of them may cause gastric upset. Most desirable when young and unexpanded, the shaggy mane is an excellent edible that some say tastes like asparagus.

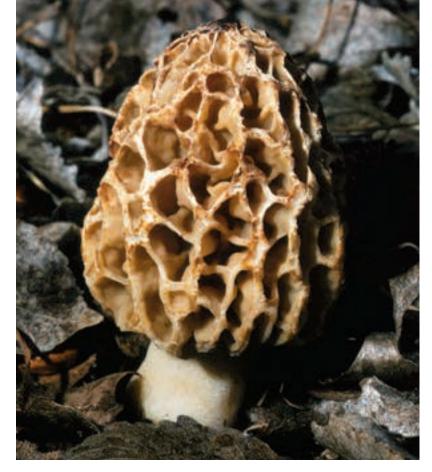


members share two loves—tramping through Arizona's forests and enjoying the taste of wild mushrooms. Their quarterly newsletter, "The Arizona FUN-GI" (as in "fun guy"), is filled with mushroom lore, new discoveries, quizzes, cooking tips and recipes.

The group's greatest fun is going out on mushroom-hunting field trips several times a year. Forays are often spur-of-the-moment affairs, based on reported sightings by club members. Depending on rainfall, there may be a spring hunt for morels and one or two late summer outings in the White Mountains or along the Mogollon Rim. If rain has been plentiful, baskets can fill with a great variety of mushrooms.

The group finds delectable and deadly poisonous mushrooms in Arizona. Identification experts help ensure that a novice's first meal of fresh-picked mushrooms won't be his or her last.

Ask any mushroomer about a favorite





gathering place and an embarrassing silence will follow. Similar to asking a fisherman about a secret fishing hole, this question qualifies as a major social blunder. Even the club foray locations are secret—never revealed until all members reach the prearranged meeting place.

On that rainy August day members gathered at the Big Lake store parking area, where they were approached by a large man with a white beard. Chuck Bingham of Show Low had seen a poster and wanted to know more

about the club. His children had found an interesting mushroom and wondered about it. Bingham joined a crowd of some 40 avid club members surrounding Dr. Chester Leathers, the club's founder and president, and his wife, Rose Mary. Like Bingham, many of them had a mystery mushroom in hand, hoping for identification. Leathers didn't disappoint them.

There were so many people around him that all I could see of the doctor was his hand in the air, holding up each specimen as he

[ABOVE RIGHT] The small pinkish aspen bolete grows most commonly under aspen trees.
[BELOW RIGHT] The lobster mushroom is actually a fungus that parasitizes other mushrooms. It changes the shape and the taste of the mushroom that it grows on. The host should be identified before this species is eaten.

called out the Latin and common names. A microbiologist, retired from Arizona State University, Leathers has visited the White Mountains for many years to study mushrooms, identifying 12 new species of coral mushrooms in the process.

Scott Bates, then a graduate student at Arizona State University, thought that after he moved from Ohio to Arizona he would never see another mushroom. Three years ago he discovered a mushroom growing in his yard and contacted the Arizona Mushroom Club. Bates designed and maintains the group's impressive Web site. No one knows how many species of mushrooms are found in Arizona, but Bates is compiling a list that contains almost a thousand.

Jim and Doris Plos, a retired couple from Scottsdale, have been club members for five years. One of their favorites—the honey mushroom—can be frozen or dehydrated for later use. Like most members, they had set their sights on chanterelles and king boletes, two of the most sought-after mushrooms in Europe and North America. Chanterelles are especially prized for their delicate, fruity, apricotlike flavor, while king boletes have an earthy, nutty flavor. Both can be tricky to identify, but the chanterelles especially so, because there is a "false chanterelle" that looks almost the same to the untrained eye.

In a lecture presented the evening before at





Before eating a mushroom, accurate identification is critical. Misidentification can lead to death, or to such severe gastrointestinal symptoms that you might wish you were dead. Wild mushrooms can be delectable or deadly poisonous.

the Big Lake Visitor Center, Leathers explained that mushrooms are the fruit or the reproductive parts of fungi growing underground. Since the fungi do not produce seeds, the mushrooms appear aboveground to release spores. The actual underground plant is a mat of interwoven, rootlike filaments called *hyphae*, which make up a larger mass called the *mycelium*. A mycelium can range in size from an inch to more than many acres.

While some mushroom species are short-lived, others have been known to exist for more than a century. Harvesting the mushroom is like picking an apple—it doesn't harm the plant that produced it, and the same

underground plant may produce fruit for many years.

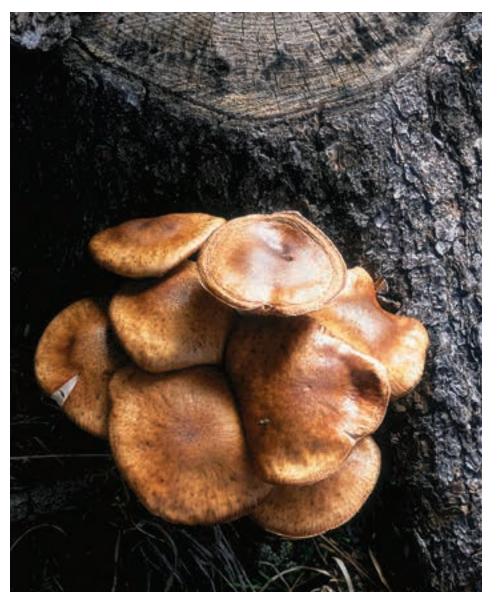
"There are old mushroom hunters and bold mushroom hunters, but there are no old, bold mushroom hunters," Leathers joked, as he explained the importance of accurate identification. Misidentifying a mushroom can lead, if not to death, to such severe gastrointestinal symptoms that you might wish you were dead.

He quashed some of the fallacies about mushrooms, such as the belief that if a squirrel eats a mushroom, then the mushroom must be safe for human consumption. In fact, squirrels will eat *Amanita muscaria*, a beautiful bright-red mushroom

dotted with small white spots that is very toxic to humans.

Some people believe that white mushrooms are safe to eat and that brightly colored mushrooms are poisonous. According to Leathers, however, this could be a fatal mistake. The "destroying angel," a graceful white mushroom that belongs to the genus *Amanita*, is deadly. In contrast, the king bolete, which has a reddish-maroon-colored cap, is considered worldwide to be one of the most desirable mushrooms.

So, how does a beginning mushroom hunter know which mushrooms are safe to eat? Always go with someone who is experienced in identifying mushrooms. The



mushroom's shape, color and characteristics of its stalk all play a part in identification. There are many good books on mushroom identification, such as *Mushrooms Demystified*, by David Arora.

Even properly identified mushrooms are not always safe. Anyone can have a toxic or an allergic reaction. Leathers recommends always performing the "edibility test": Never eat more than a teaspoon to start. Continue to eat your normal foods at each meal, but do not mix mushroom species or eat more than the recommended amount at each step during the edibility test. Wait eight hours. Then try a tablespoon. Wait an additional eight hours. Then try half a handful. If you experience headache, watery eyes, upset stomach or other gastrointestinal symptoms, don't eat any more of the mushroom. If you pass the test without adverse symptoms developing, you have demonstrated that it might be okay for you to consume this species of mushroom in a small quantity.

It would appear that "mycophiles" (as

mushroom collectors sometimes refer to themselves) are not ordinary people, and mushroom gathering could almost be considered an "extreme sport" — maybe not on the same level as hang gliding and bungee jumping, but mushrooming has inherent dangers if you are careless and make a mistake.

Why would anyone risk possible poisoning or allergic reaction, just to munch on a mushroom? According to club member Jim Warnecke, every wild mushroom has its own flavor and texture. As with many gourmet foods, the hint of different flavors captures the tastebuds. "It's the thrill of the hunt that makes it for all of us — it's like an Easter-egg hunt every time we go out," explained Warnecke.

The danger, it seems, is outweighed by the enchantment. Mushrooms are ancient and mysterious and have secret and fascinating lives. Like forest jewels, some are graceful and lovely to look at, while others may appear slimy and hideous. Some fungiglow in the dark, while others form "fairy rings," bringing to mind images of bewitched

[LEFT] A good edible, the honey mushroom must be well-cooked. Be cautious, however, as there are poisonous look-alikes.

forests, fairy tales, wizards and magic.

Beyond the thrill and the fascination is the fact that mushrooms have been gourmet fare since ancient times. Boletes, chanterelles and morels, all of which grow in Arizona, are high-priced items in stores.

After the morning foray in the forests around Big Lake, everyone drove back in a monsoon downpour to the visitors center. Jim and Doris Plos arrived with an impressive collection of the highly prized chanterelles. Members unloaded their baskets, admired each other's trophies and exchanged accounts of how and where each was found. There were fragile coral, chunky king boletes, white shell-shaped oysters, clusters of honey mushrooms, orange lobsters, delicate and fluted golden chanterelles and a giant *Boletus barrowsii* with a cap 12 inches in diameter.

The variations of color, shape and texture were amazing. With mushroom books in hand, members discussed a variety of features as each fungus was examined. When they were done, 23 edible species had been identified along with several poisonous species, plus some whose edibility was unknown.

At lunchtime, the newcomer Bingham arrived cradling something in his arms—a quivering, slimy-looking prize that resembled something between a sea sponge and a giant brain. Leathers congratulated him and explained that the cauliflower mushroom, or "wood lettuce," is edible, and club members described how to prepare it. In return, the club collected Bingham as a new member.

After the foray, several collectors offered me mushrooms, including two treasured chanterelles, king boletes and a chicken of the woods—but I was hesitant. Despite reassurances that these were safe mushrooms, I remembered Leather's warnings. Mushroom roulette? Not for me, thanks.

Later that evening, as I walked through my yard in Alpine, I saw something poking up through the pine needles, something bright orange and enticing. Forgetting earlier doubts, I plucked the lobster and took it to the kitchen. The inside was crisp and white. Two thin slices, sauteed in butter—delicious. ALEDITOR'S NOTE: Contact the Arizona Mushroom Club at P.O. Box 3136, Tempe, AZ 85280-3136; www.geocities.com/azmushclub.

Kelly Tighe of Alpine has authored several hiking guides, including the first guide to the Arizona Trail, and her most recent, Best Trails In and Around Kartchner Caverns State Park.

Marty Cordano of Bisbee says this assignment was a first — never before has he eaten his subject after photographing it.

by CARRIE M. MINER / photographs by GEORGE H.H. HUEY

HUBBELL
TRADING POST
Continues
INDIAN
TRADITIONS
and Remains an
Oasis of History

SHORTLY AFTER THE RETURN OF THE NAVAJO Indians to their homeland in 1868, after four years of internment in Bosque Redondo, New Mexico, tenacious traders set up shop in the remote northeastern corner of Arizona Territory. These traders provided goods in exchange for Navajo wool, textiles and other handmade wares, forging links for the Navajos to the outside world.

One of the most successful and popular of these Anglo men was John Lorenzo Hubbell, who at the height of his career operated more than 30 posts on the reservation, two wholesale houses and several curio shops on the California coast. Today, the Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site in Ganado stands as a testament to the Hubbell

empire as the oldest continuously operating trading post on the Navajo Indian Reservation.

"Their remote posts were oases in the desert, landmarks in an unmarked wilderness," remarked Frank Waters about the Navajo traders in his book *Masked Gods: Navajo and Pueblo Ceremonialism*, first published in 1950. "They were bankers, doctors, interpreters, schoolteachers, art agents, representatives of an encroaching white civilization to the Indians, and champions of Indian tribes against an inimical government."

[LEFT] Opened by John Lorenzo Hubbell in 1878, the Hubbell Trading Post, now operated by the National Park Service, offers locals and visitors alike an opportunity to shop for one-of-a-kind native-handcrafted [BELOW] This 36-by-62-inch Ganado Red style Navajo rug, created by Evelyn Curley, is identical in pattern to those influenced by John Hubbell during the trading post's glory days.

Post continues to reflect its rich past, still operating much as it did when Hubbell greeted visitors at the door. He opened for business in 1878 when he acquired several ramshackle buildings of a trading post. In 1883 he built the first two stone rooms of the currently existing structure. Two years later, Hubbell sold the post to his business partner, C.N. Cotton, but remained involved in its management. Cotton added the large

The Hubbell Trading





bullpen with its cast-iron stove and the wareroom to the original building before selling it back to Hubbell in 1895.

Hubbell moved his base of operations to Ganado and began adding more buildings to the 160-acre homestead, including the massive barn, which at the time was the largest barn in northern Arizona; a blacksmith shop; a stone bunkhouse; and his sprawling adobe home. The home resembles the Spanish-style hacienda of Hubbell's boyhood home in New Mexico.

The residence wasn't the only thing that reflected Hubbell's upbringing. He treated his entire empire as an immense feudal patron system, conducting his affairs much in the same manner as a Spanish lord. He employed Navajos to work the gardens and granary. He hired Navajo drivers to run his freight lines, and he brought Mexican silversmiths to the posts to teach their techniques to the Navajos.

Hubbell created the popular market in Navajo textiles, taking apart old blankets to learn techniques, documenting traditional patterns and introducing finer wools and bright colors into the larger rug styles. The pattern called Ganado Red, which came about under Hubbell's influence, ranks among the most significant patterns to come out of this period. It can still be found in abundance in the trading post's rug room.

Don Lorenzo, as he was often called ("Don" being a Spanish term of respect), was known for his generous hospitality; he entertained

politicians, prominent artists and famous writers. Many of the visiting artists made gifts of their work to Hubbell, who was an avid art collector. A number of these pieces, including the famous red Conte crayon portraits of Indians rendered by Elbridge Ayer Burbank and dozens of small oil paintings of Navajo rugs representing many artists, hang on the walls of his home and trading post.

A walk though the preserved 1890s buildings today is a walk through the past. Hubbell's fine early American furnishings still grace the five-bedroom home, which is

[TOP] Museumlike in appearance, the rug room offers historic and modern Navajo textiles, as well as works by Hopi and Zuni artists.

[ABOVE] Wagons parked outside the trading post remind visitors how freight once traveled to this remote corner of the state.





[ABOVE] The jewelry room of the trading post offers a rustic setting for shoppers to view and purchase pieces handcrafted on the reservation. [RIGHT] More than a century after its grand opening in several ramshackle buildings, the trading post fills a sprawling cobbled-together complex of rooms and buildings.

carpeted with Navajo rugs and decorated with Indian artworks. A few retired national parks horses occupy the massive barn. The trading post itself still runs much as it did in the 1870s, catering to Navajo, Zuni, Hopi and

other tribal members seeking to sell items to the trader. Harnesses still hang from the bullpen's beams, cloth and tools crowd the walls and grocery items fill the cases. Nearby, a visitors center offers books on the region and a chance to talk with a weaver working at her loom.

When Hubbell died at age 78 on November 12, 1930, the community he served gathered to honor his memory. He was buried near his beloved trading post on Hubbell Hill next to his wife, Lina Rubi, and his close Navajo friend, Many Horses. At his funeral, an old Navajo man paid tribute to this friend of the Navajos, saying: "You wear out your shoes, you buy another pair. When the food is all gone, you buy more. You gather melons, and more will grow on the vine. You grind your corn and make bread, which you eat.

And next year you have plenty more corn. But my friend Don Lorenzo is gone, and none to take his place."

The Hubbell family ran the post until it was sold to the National Park Service in 1967 and Congress mandated that the new site should be "operated along the lines close to those that were in effect when it was an active Hubbell Post." And so, even in this modern world — where the Indian trader no longer plays the many roles Hubbell once described as "everything from

merchant to father confessor, justice of the peace, judge, jury, court of appeals, chief medicine man, and de facto czar of the domain over which he presides"—the traditions of the trading post live on.



LOCATION: 318 miles northeast of Phoenix; 176 miles northeast of Flagstaff. GETTING THERE: Take Interstate 17 north to Flagstaff. Turn east on Interstate 40 to U.S. Route

191 near Chambers. Drive U.S. 191 north to the junction of State Route 264 in Ganado. Take State Route 264 west a half-mile to the trading post, which is on the south side of the highway. Hours: Open daily except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. in the winter, and 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. in the summer (Mountain Daylight Time). LODGING: There is no lodging in Ganado, but there are several places in Chinle, which is 38 miles north on U.S. Route 191, and in Window Rock, which is 29 miles east on State Route 264. TRAVEL ADVISORY: The Hubbell Trading Post is located on the Navajo Indian Reservation, which observes daylightsaving time, whereas the rest of Arizona does not.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (928) 755-3475 or www.nps.gov/hutr/.

THINGS TO DO IN AND NEAR G A N A D

CANYON DE CHELLY NATIONAL MONUMENT Located near Chinle, 38 miles north of the Hubbell Trading Post, this sacred monument can be seen along the North and South rim drives and on guided tours into the canyon. The visitors center is open daily from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. except Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day; Chinle, (928) 674-5500.

NATIVE AMERICAN ART
AUCTION In May and
August, the Friends of
Hubbell Trading Post host
a lively auction selling
Indian arts and crafts,
including Navajo weavings,
Hopi kachina dolls
and Navajo and Hopi



[ABOVE] Multihued
Spider Rock casts long
shadows at Canyon
de Chelly National
Monument.
RANDY PRENTICE

baskets and pottery.
Preview of items from
9 A.M. to 11 A.M.; auction
begins at noon. The next

auction at the Hubbell Trading Post will be on August 23. Ganado, www.friendsofhubbell.org.

HOPI CULTURAL CENTER
Sixty-three miles west of
Ganado on State Route
264 stands the Hopi
Cultural Center, the place
to glean information

about traveling on the Hopi Indian Reservation. Admission: \$3, adults; \$1, children. Open Mondays through Fridays, 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. Second Mesa, (928) 734-2401.

NAVAJO NATION MUSEUM AND VISITOR CENTER

Situated 29 miles east of Ganado, the museum and visitors center offers essential information about traveling around the Navajo Nation. Open Mondays, 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesday through Fridays, 8 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; closed on tribal and national holidays; Window Rock, (928) 871-7941.



"We've been married so long we think alike. For instance, even when we disagree now, we both think I'm wrong." *

heat strokes

Y GARY BENNETT



Shooting blood from his eyes, he could take out a can at 40 waddles. One only need mention the IRS.

GOING TO RUIN

Unusual

Perspective

By Linda Perret

he spines

from a

barrel

Just don't be

surprised if all

the songs start

sounding like

Tumble Weeds."

"Tumblin"

cactus can be

phonograph

used as

needles.

During a trip from Tucson to Phoenix, our 7-year-old daughter, Audrey, was showing off her reading skills by reeling off the contents of every road sign.

"Casa Grande Ruins National Monument," she announced from the backseat. She paused. "Mommy, why would they do that?"

VICKI LEWIS THOMPSON, Tucson

THE SHORT AND TALL OF IT

After living in Arizona for quite some time and talking to the old-timers, I've discovered there is scant difference between a cowboy story and a fairy tale. Here's the tip-off. A fairy tale begins, "Once upon a time" A cowboy story begins, "No kidding, folks, this really happened."

GORDON BURHOP, Phoenix

HANGING AROUND

An Old West horse thief asked his attorney if the circuit-riding judge would hold his hearing at

EARLY-DAY ARIZONA

MARSHA: "When I get to Heaven I'm going to ask Shakespeare if he wrote these plays."

FRED: "He may not be there."
MARSHA: "Then you ask him."

COCONINO SUN, JANUARY 16, 1925

the defendant's cabin.
"I'll ask him, but it's
highly irregular," the
lawyer commented.
"Why do you want him
to do that?"

"Well," replied the defendant, "I figure I've got a better chance of avoiding the noose if I've got the home court advantage."

RUTH BURKE, Bowie

KISS AND TELL

Ibought a dozen longstemmed yellow

roses for a special friend and decided to deliver them to where she works. Upon arriving at the reception area, I noticed a small group of women standing near the door. One of the women asked if she could help me, and I asked for my friend. As she approached, I handed her the bouquet, and she kissed me on the cheek. The group of women still stood nearby, and I heard one of them whisper, "She's kissing the flower delivery man!"

JON LONDON, Mesa

THE ULTIMATE QUESTION

A I've just celebrated my 90th birthday, you'll surmise that my Tucson daughter, Sharon, is no spring chicken. So when she said recently that she'd been spending a lot of time considering the Hereafter, I was more than startled.

"Why? Is something wrong?" I demanded.

"Whenever I go from one room to another," she said, "I have to stand

* From the Witworks® humor book *Marriage Is Forever* . . . *Some Days Longer* by Gene Perret. To order, call toll-free (800) 543-5432, or visit arizonahighways.com

in the middle of the floor for a while, asking myself, 'What in the heck am I here after?"

LUCILE BOGUE, El Cerrito, CA

TALES OF TOMBSTONE

We asked readers for Tombstone jokes. Here are some of their submissions:

Isaw a sign outside one of Tombstone's motels that said, "Rest in Peace."

JOHN KRIWIEL, Oak Lawn, IL

The Old West, believe it or not, actually had health insurance for retired cowboys. It was started by Wyatt AARP.

An old-time judge in Arizona was noted for levying fines for any infraction of the law. Once he sat as both judge and coroner over the body of a stranger found dead in the woods with \$40 in gold and a six-shooter in his pocket. The judge fined the corpse \$40 for carrying a concealed weapon.

Both by HERM ALBRIGHT, Indianapolis, IN

TO SUBMIT HUMOR

Send your jokes and humorous Arizona anecdotes to Humor, *Arizona Highways*, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009 or e-mail us at editor@arizonahighways.com. We'll pay \$50 for each item used. Please include your name, address and telephone number with each submission.

Reader's Corner

River-rafting can be a very educational vacation. For instance, every time my mom got wet I learned a new word. Unfortunately, I'm not allowed to use any of them.

Send us your **river-rafting** jokes and we'll pay you \$50 for each one we publish.

by SAM NEGRI / photographs by JERRY SIEVE

A Loop Road
Around
GOBBLER PEAK
in the White
Mountains
Provides a
Glimpse of
LOCAL HISTORY,
Elk, Turkeys

[BELOW] West of
Nutrioso in eastcentral Arizona, cattle
graze on lush
pastureland near
Gobbler Peak.
[OPPOSITE PAGE] Pink
moisture-loving lady's
thumb blooms among
clumps of marsh grass
and sedimentary rocks
beside Rogers
Reservoir.

"HULLO, HULLO. ANY TURKEYS HERE?" No response.

Was I foolish to expect wild turkeys on a road that runs around the base of something called Gobbler Peak?

Not at all, said Doc Bradberry, who lives at Nutrioso, in the White Mountains of east-central Arizona. "They're out there almost every day around 4P.M."

I was an hour early, but the sky was overcast and stormy, and it certainly *looked* like 4P.M., contrary to what the turkeys might have thought.

Never mind. Even without turkeys, there was plenty to see and think about on the scenic back-road loop from Alpine to Nutrioso and Williams Valley.

Frankly, thinking was not high on my list of entertainments when I left Alpine on U.S. Route 191 headed north, but after 9 miles I came to Nutrioso. It was Nutrioso's name that set the little gray cells in motion. Nutrioso is a version of three Spanish words, which, if spelled out properly, would be *nutria y oso*, meaning "otter and bear." People around Nutrioso claim *nutria* means "beaver," but my dictionary says it actually means "otter."

"Well," said 80-year-old Richard Rogers, "the otter and the beaver are brothers."

Or sisters, for that matter. I will not question



Rogers' knowledge. His grandfather, Hank Sharp, homesteaded a farm and ranch in Nutrioso in 1904. Rogers' family has been in Nutrioso so long that he probably knows every beaver in the area on a first-name basis.

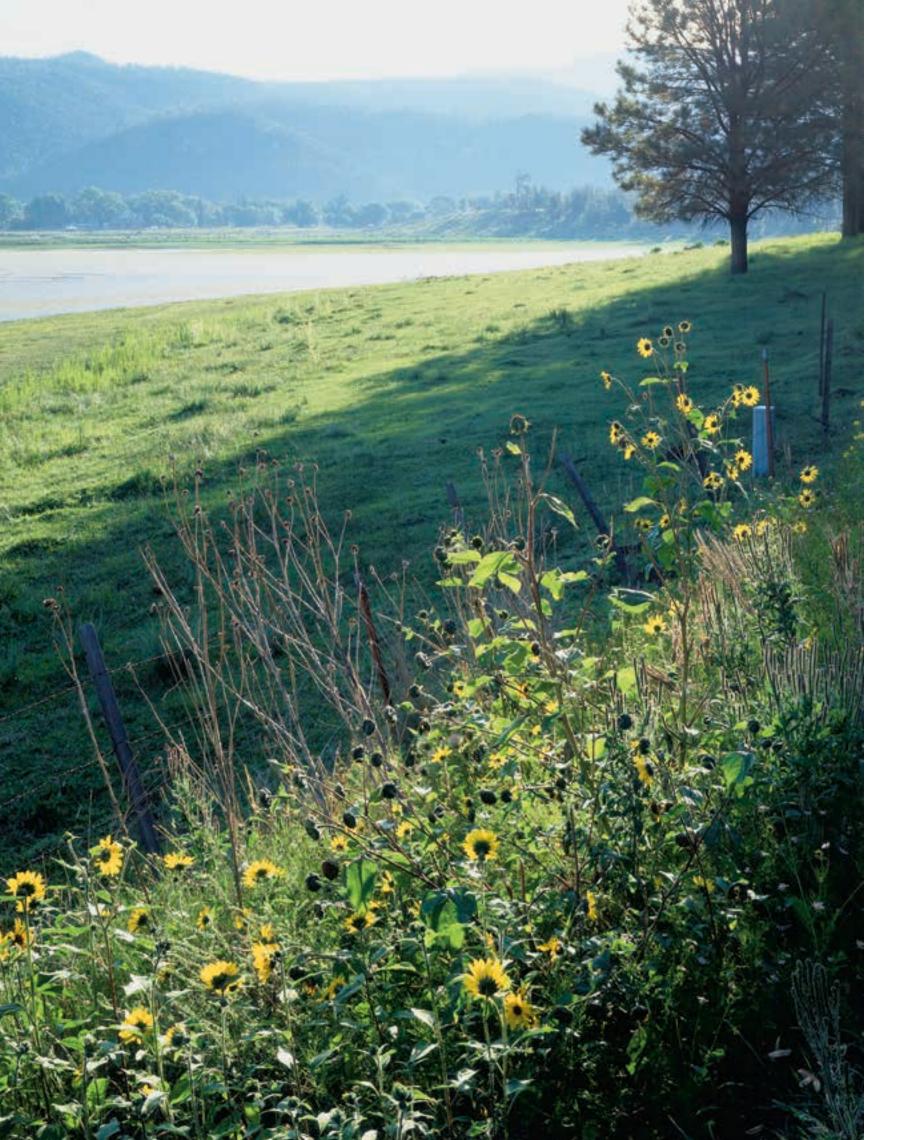
When I reached Nutrioso, I left U.S. 191 and turned left on Auger Canyon Road. I had a plan: As soon as I turn left, I'm going to go right at the fork. This will take me alongside Nutrioso Reservoir. A half-mile later a gravel road should be on my left. It's unnamed at that point, but I know it's going to become Forest Service Road 88, the road through Dry Valley and around Gobbler Peak to Williams Valley.

Driving this loop from Alpine can be done in an ordinary sedan in a couple of hours, but you

can also loll about, go fishing in the Black River or stand around gawking at elk and colorful birds if you want to make a morning out of it.

I drove up the gravel road until I saw a large green barn in a field to my left — Hank Sharp's Dry Valley homestead, the place where he had raised seven children single-handedly. Sharp's wife, Anna Mae, had died three years after the





couple settled in Nutrioso. Sharp was 52 years old at the time. His two oldest daughters were 15 and 13; the youngest of the seven kids was 5 months old. According to a biography written by Virginia J. Rogers, Sharp told his daughters that if they would promise to help him, he would never remarry. He kept his word and they kept theirs.

Sharp died in 1942, when he was 87, and was buried next to his wife in Nutrioso cemetery.

Sharp's house burned down many years ago. Subsequent owners built the green barn and other structures visible today. The current owners, archaeologist Doc Bradberry and his wife, anthropologist Rebecca Vogt, bought the place in part because of its historical and scenic value. If you stand where Sharp's house once stood, the view is exhilarating — Escudilla Mountain to the east, Gobbler Peak to the west and Noble Mountain to the south.

I left the Sharp homestead and headed west up FR 88. About 2 miles later, I passed a small pond listed on maps as Rogers Reservoir. Sharp and his son-in-law, Floyd Rogers, built the reservoir and dredged a canal from the top of the hill all the way down to a pond on the homestead.

A mile beyond Rogers Reservoir, 88 veers west and eventually meets Forest Service Road 285, where I turned left. I followed it to its junction with Forest Service Road 249 and turned left again. The road travels the rolling meadows of Williams Valley; 5 miles later I came to Three Forks. Arizona's drought continued when I made this trip, but at Three Forks on the Black River, braided streams still meandered southward to Diamond Rock and Buffalo Crossing.

Off to my left, according to the map, lies a spot called Boneyard northeast of Lake Sierra Blanca. The Chriswell family spent the cold winter of 1878 locked in their cabin by heavy snows, subsisting by eating their few cattle. The bones were shoved out the window where they remained for many years, bleaching in each spring's sunshine.

Not shown on the map is a place right next to the Boneyard that was known as Clabber City. In the summer, Rogers said, ranchers would corral their cows there, and the women would milk them and make cheese. Clabber is sour or curdled milk.

About a mile east of Lake Sierra Blanca, Forest Service Road 276 heads south. I didn't take that route because at the time I didn't know about the ill-fated Oscar Schultz. Rogers later told me that Schultz's grave is clearly marked about 2 miles down that road. Schultz, a cowboy of German extraction, lived in Springerville during the early 1920s.

In Rogers' version of the story, Shultz needed money to send to his mother in Germany. He went to the bank in McNary and asked for a \$92



[OPPOSITE PAGE]
Sunflowers turn their faces toward the early morning light at
Nutrioso Reservoir.
[LEFT] Beyond a field of oxeye daisies, a green barn and three smaller buildings mark the location of Hank Sharp's original Dry Valley homestead.

loan. When the bank refused him, Schultz pulled a gun and took the money anyway because, as Rogers explained, "He didn't want his mother to starve." He even promised to repay the bank. Schultz fled and escaped the law for a period of time, in part because Hank Sharp and Rogers' parents gave him food and shelter.

Lawmen eventually tracked down Schultz and killed him in the vicinity of what is now Blue Lookout. According to one account, he came out of a cabin with his hands in the air and was shot by someone with an itchy finger. Deputies draped him across a mule and tried to get him to Springerville on that warm summer day, "but the body began to rot so they buried him near Coyote Creek," Rogers said.

Linger as long as you like at Schultz's lonely grave. You may be joined by elk or even wild turkey, and when you return to FR 249, you're only 11 miles from your starting point at



WARNING: Back road travel can be hazardous if you are not prepared for the unexpected. Whether traveling in the desert or in the high country, be aware of weather and

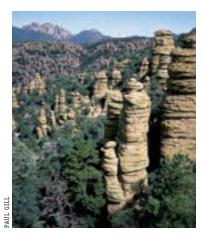
road conditions. Make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape and you have plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in the story may vary by vehicle.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Alpine Ranger District, (928) 339-4384.



arizonahighways.com ARIZONA HIGHWAYS 61

Festivals, powwows and get-togethers / by CARRIE M. MINER



PHOTOGRAPH IN ARIZONA'S 'SKY ISLANDS'



Join *Arizona Highways*Director of Photography
Peter Ensenberger **November 1-5** on a

photographic journey to the mountains of southeastern Arizona. Among Arizona's best-kept secrets, these "sky islands" harbor distinct species of plants and animals and contain dramatic rock formations and vibrant fall color.

We'll photograph the magnificent bigtooth maple trees of Ramsey Canyon in the Huachuca Mountains as well as the creekside cottonwoods of the Chiricahua Mountains. The Chiricahuas were featured by Arizona Highways magazine in November 2002. Between the two locations we'll pass through five life zones where you'll be able to capture nature's whole array of colors on film.

For more information or a free workshop brochure, contact **Friends of** *Arizona Highways* at (602) 712-2004, toll-free at (888) 790-7042 or visit their Web site at www.friendsofazhighways.com.

OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOPS

September 23-27 & October 23-27 Enter the twisting, colorful corridors of Arizona's slot canyons

September 29-October 3

Explore the unusual landscape of the Grand Staircase/Escalante National Monument

October 2-5

Discover stunning vistas at the Grand Canyon's Toroweap campground

RAISING FLAGSTAFF

July 4; Flagstaff

The most often-repeated story about the naming of the town of Flagstaff involves a group of Boston colonists who skinned a tall ponderosa pine tree to use as a flagpole for their centennial celebration of America's independence. Legend has it that flying the colors from that high point inspired the name of the mountain town that grew up around the historic site.

Relive the patriotic spirit of that celebration at an old-fashioned **Independence Day Parade** through Historic Downtown Flagstaff. Information: (800) 842-7293.

BARROOM BRAWL

July 11-12: Willcox

Most Old West aficionados don't link the Earp brothers to Willcox, but this southeast Arizona farming community marks the only spot where an Earp was buried in Arizona soil. In the dark morning hours of July 6, 1900, Warren Earp and John Boyett set the stage for murder. According to the Arizona Range News, the two exchanged threats earlier at the Headquarter Saloon. Boyett left, but returned armed and ready for a challenge. Earp advanced on Boyett with an open coat, saying that he was unarmed, but when Earp refused to back down, Boyett shot him in the heart.

Learn more about this lesser-known Earp brother and the events leading to the fatal showdown at **Warren Earp Days**. Activities include a parade, carriage rides and historic reenactments of the shooting and the hearing that followed. Information: (520) 384-2272.

ROUTES AND RAILS

July 26-28; Seligman

Since the mid-1800s, the town of Seligman has been a transportation crossroad — from the pioneer-traveled Beale Wagon Road to the kitschy kicks of U.S. Route 66. In 1886, the town was known as Prescott Junction because it was the linking point for the railroad tracks to Prescott. When tracks were laid from Ash Fork, the rails leading to Prescott were removed and the town changed its name to honor the Seligman brothers, who owned the expansive Hashknife Cattle Company. Celebrate the town's heritage at



Seligman Days with a parade, live entertainment, raffles and kids' games. Information: (928) 422-3939.

Members of
Brownie Troop 835
share their patriotic
spirit in an oldfashioned
Independence Day
parade through
historic downtown
Flagstaff.

WEAVING TRADITIONS

July 25-26; Prescott

In the Navajo Indian story of creation, the benevolent Spiderwoman, one of the Holy People, taught the Navajos the art of weaving on her loom made of lightning, sunbeams and white shell. In Navajoland, weaving represents a way of life. To this day, Navajos continue to card and spin and weave wool honoring Spiderwoman's gift.

Experience the magic of Navajo weaving traditions at the **4th Annual Navajo Rug Auction** held at the Smoki Museum.
Information: (928) 445-1230.

Other Events

Gary Ladd Photography Exhibit; June 20-September 28; Grand Canyon South Rim Village Historic District; (928) 638-7888. At Kolb Studio, images from the *Arizona Highways* book *Grand Canyon: Time Below the Rim* and other work by Gary Ladd representing different photo processes.

"A View From the Mountains" Photo Exhibit; June 28-September 7; Wickenburg; (928) 684-2272. Michael Collier's photography from the Arizona Highways book The Mountains Know Arizona: Images of the Land and Stories of Its People.

World's Oldest Rodeo; July 1-6; Prescott; (928) 445-3103. Six days of rodeo contests and activities.

July 4th Parade and Rodeo; July 4-5; Eagar-Springerville; (928) 333-2123. Parade, fireworks and rodeo.

Sidewalk Egg Frying Challenge; July 4; Oatman; (928) 768-7400. Frying eggs with solar heat.

Fourth of July Celebration; July 4; Bisbee; (520) 432-6000. Parade, ballgames, fireworks and mining contests. Hopi Marketplace; July 5-6; Flagstaff; (928) 774-5213. Hopi arts and crafts, social dances and live entertainment. Prescott Indian Art Market; July 12-13; Prescott; (928)

445-3122. Cultural presentations and Indian crafts.

Cornfest; July 19; Camp Verde; (928) 567-0535. Corneating contest, cowpie throwing and corniest joke contest.

Arizona Highland Celtic Festival; July 19; Flagstaff; (928) 779-3817. Live entertainment and ethnic food.

White Mountain Native American Heritage Art

Festival; July 19-20; Pinetop/Lakeside; (928) 367-4290 or toll-free (800) 573-4031. Indian arts and entertainment.

Note: Dates and activities could change. Before planning to attend events, phone for fees and to confirm days and times.

Wannabe
BULL RIDER
Is ACHIN'
ALL OVER
to Take On
a 'MEAT

In the book

Them First,

author Gene

Perret notes,

"True love is

children's book

reading a

aloud to your 3-year-old grandchild

shipping and handling) or other Perret

humor books, call toll-free (800) 543-

while other adults are in the room.

5432. In Phoenix, call (602) 712-

2000. Or use arizonahighways.com.

To order this book (\$6.95 plus

Grandchildren Are

So Much Fun We

Should Have Had

GRINDER'

ARIZONA IS RODEO COUNTRY. THE WORLD'S oldest running—and still active—rodeo is in Prescott. And the professional bull riders hold an event each year in Tucson on their way to the national finals.

Why do I know this and why do I care?
Because I've decided to become a bull rider.
That's right. I'm a city kid who's only been on a horse one time—to get my picture

taken on a pony in front of my row house—but I've decided to ride bulls for a living.

I want to impress my wife. She fell in love with these bull-taming cowboys while watching them on TV. Their toughness and resiliency attracted her. The television commentator interviewed one young rider who had just been thrown.

He said, "Well, I think I broke a leg, busted two ribs, probably sprained my ankle and dislocated a shoulder, but I'll do better with my next ride in about half an hour."

My wife said, "Now, that's a real man." I thought, what's left of him. But it was then that I decided to devote my life to riding ferocious bulls.

When I told my wife, she was delighted. I haven't heard her laugh that vigorously in years.

"You're gonna be a what?" she said when she finally got the choking, chortling and chuckling under control.

"A bull rider," I said.

She laughed harder.
Apparently, she didn't have the choking, chortling and chuckling controlled.

I said, "You'll be laughing out of the side of your mouth when I come home with a championship buckle."

She said, "You'll be eating soup out of the side of your mouth when you come home with your jaw wired shut."

I said, "You don't think I can do this, do you?"

She said, "No. In fact, I don't know how the people who do it can do it."

I said, "When people tell me I can't do something, that's when I want to do it more."

She said, "How about if the bull tells you

you can't ride him, throws you to the ground, stomps on your leg and puts a horn through your ribs. Would that get your attention?"

"It's not a dangerous sport," I told her. She insisted, "It is dangerous and you'll get hurt."

"I won't," I said. "You've got to remember, bulls are nothing but dumb animals."

She said, "Okay, so intellectually, it's a fair fight. But physically, you'll get hurt."

I told her again, "No, I won't. I'm too smart for those bulls. I've got it up here." I pointed to my brain.

She said, "That's not the part that's going to get hurt."

I said, "You're making a whole big thing about this, and it's not really that big a deal. It's just like riding a bike. You sit on it, you keep your balance and you get off."

She said, "True, but when you get off a bike it doesn't try to stomp on your head."

I ignored her comment and went on, "And you only have to stay on the bull for eight seconds. Just eight seconds."

She said, "Yeah, but that's eight seconds longer than the bull wants you on there."

"You can't talk me out of it," I said. "The smell of the arena, the roar of the crowd beckons me."

She said, "Let me try to unbeckon you one more time. What's your nickname?"

"The guys call me 'Pinky' because I wear a lot of pink golf clothes."

"And you're going to be going up against 1,500-pound creatures with nicknames like 'Hurricane,' 'Jack the Ripper,' 'Meat Grinder.' You're no match for them, Pinky."

"I've got to go buy a cowboy hat," I said, and grabbed my car keys and left.

A moment later I came back into the house. My wife said, "What happened?"

I said, "Oh, I forgot my orthopedic pillow. You know how my back aches if I don't use that pillow when I'm driving. Do you know where it is?"

She said, "It's upstairs in the drawer with your tennis elbow brace, the bandage you wear for your bowling injury and the inserts you wear to keep your feet from hurting when you play golf."

"Thanks," I said.

She said, "No problem, cowboy."



FR 190-FR 171 FR 245 COCONINO NATIONAL KAIBAB FLAGSTAFF NATIONAL FOREST

The 3.5-mile **KENDRICK MOUNTAIN TRAIL Offers Sunny** Vistas and a **Chance to See BLUE GROUSE**

THE BLUE GROUSE FLUSHED noisily from cover beside the

trail. They set their stubby wings and glided like ghosts into the protection of the ponderosa pine trees that blanket the upper slopes of 10,418foot Kendrick Peak on the boundary of the Kaibab and Coconino national forests, 17 miles northwest of Flagstaff. This extinct volcano is one of the few places in the state where you can see these hefty timberline birds.

The chances of seeing a "blue"—at 3 pounds, the second largest of the North American grouse - increase in autumn there, after

early frosts flatten the underbrush and strip the aspens of their leaves,



[LEFT] Aspen trees brighten the meadowlands east of Kendrick Peak near Flagstaff. [ABOVE] The door is unlocked and visitors are welcome at the one-room firefinder's cabin built around 1912 and now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. [OPPOSITE PAGE] Beyond a pine-covered ridge, the San Francisco Peaks

stretch across the horizon

of an eastward view from

Kendrick Peak.



LOCATION: Approximately 17 miles northwest of Flagstaff. GETTING THERE: From Flagstaff, follow U.S. Route 180 to Forest Service Road 245, and turn left. Head west for 3 miles to a

junction with Forest Service Road 171. Turn right, driving north, then west for 2.5 miles to Forest Service Road 190. Follow FR 190 about 1 mile to the

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Kaibab National Forest, Williams Ranger District, (928) 635-5600.

exposing the birds. Though much of their habitat burned during the Pumpkin Fire of May 2000, the grouse are returning to Kendrick Peak.

Phoenix lawyer Curtis Beckman and I traveled light with daypacks containing lunch, water and binoculars. Several trails lead to Kendrick's summit, but we chose the 3.5-mile Kendrick Mountain Trail because it's shorter, sunnier, easier and offers the best vistas. The trail begins at a parking lot and latrine at the

end of Forest Service Road 190. This trail was once used to pack in supplies for firefinders staying in a 1912 one-room log cabin at 10,000 feet. The Forest Service saved

the historic cabin from becoming cinders in the Pumpkin Fire by wrapping it completely in heat resistant material. I found the door open for public use and the interior swept clean.

At the summit, after an hour's climb on a wellmarked trail, we met a Forest Service firefinder in the steel tower. He stood watches during the fire-danger months of summer, scanning the landscape for traces of smoke. He was glad for our company and put on the coffee. We became a statistic, too, since Kendrick's firefinders count

visitors. In most years, fewer than 800 hikers make the summit because the trail is not well known.

The low human count suits the blue grouse that feel right at home at 10,000 feet. The firefinder said the birds forage in the small openings around

his steel tower. He'd also seen a black bear a few days before.

From the tower, look 40 miles south to Bill Williams Mountain across vast ponderosa parks. To the east, view the lava slopes of Humphreys Peak just 10 miles away.

Below the summit, headed down, we met a hiker accompanied by his Australian sheepdog, Cowboy. He was training in Kendrick Peak's thin air for an 11-day expedition at the Cordillera Blanca in Peru. He told his age, 55,

Beckman, the same age, had climbed to about 18,000 feet in the Ecuadorian Andes. They swapped climbing stories before we moved on. A flock of noisy ravens rode the thermals 20 feet above us, their shadows doing an eerie dance on the ground.

Summer and fall are best for climbing Kendrick, but beware of summer lightning storms. Plan for three hours going up, two hours down. Look into the woods near the trail, and you may see blue grouse sprinting through the brush.

arizonahighways.com



Before you go on this hike, visit our Web site at arizonahighways.com for other things to do and places to see in the area.

